SILENCE

REVISED FIRST DRAFT
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1 EXT. PRISON YARD DUSK 1

A pale face in a vast darkness.

Covered in sweat. Blazing blue eyes showing signs of pain and terrible struggle.

The face of FATHER CHRISTOVAO FERREIRA. A Jesuit priest. A missionary. And a man facing the gravest test of his life.

What little is visible of his body seems rigid, and not just with fear. It seems to be in conflict with gravity itself. At war outside itself as well as within.

And this is why.

The ANGLE of the scene seems to PIVOT. Ferreira's world seems literally to turn UPSIDE DOWN. But the world is not out of balance. It is Ferreira himself.

He is bound and SUSPENDED UPSIDE DOWN over a pit just visible in GLIMMERS of light at the edges of this foul place.

A TEAR RUNS from his eye...down his CHEEK...where it JOINS a thin TRICKLE OF BLOOD from the side of his head.

A O.S. VOICE belonging, it will soon be known, to the MAGISTRATE INOUE speaks softly. WE DO NOT SEE HIS FACE.

INOUE (O.S.)
I am only asking you to take the path of mercy. Abandon yourself. Do a single, simple thing.

Ferreira's head moves slightly. Perhaps a nod of assent.

INOUE (O.S.)
(continuing)
Once you really understand, you will agree. It's really the only way. Tell me then, Father. Tell me you agree.

Yes. Ferreira NODS his head: yes.

INOUE (O.S.)
Good. You take this unnecessary burden from us both.

CUT TO:

2 EXT. PRISON YARD DUSK 2

A HAND comes into frame, placing a FUMIE on the dusty ground. A fumie is a board to which an iconic religious image has been attached--in this case a painted picture of Christ, much different from the Europeanized image of the Bible stories.

Ferreira, TREMBLING, stands over the image.

INOUE (O.S.)
Now show me. With only a step.

Ferreira hesitates.

INOUE (O.S.)
I don't want to think you spoke because your body was weak. Show me your strength. Show me your new heart. With a single step. Step on Jesus.

Ferreira RAISES his right foot, brings it down on the face of Christ, covering it.

CUT TO:

3 INT. STUDY/MACAO MISSIONARY COLLEGE 3

Spring, 1639. A hand places a letter on a desk and Father Valignano removes his spectacles. He is a compelling man, the rector of this mission on the very edge of the known world.

VALIGNANO
Ferreira is lost to us.

He looks across at TWO YOUNG PRIESTS, neither older than thirty, who are seated before him. The news of Ferreira's apostasy has had great impact on them. One priest, GARRPE, who has the lean, restless appearance of a hunting animal, looks thoughtful. He is measuring his response...

...when the second priest speaks. He has an aspect of spiritual assurance about him, of untested righteousness, but there is a hungry, haunted look in his eyes, too. He's like a man who has seen his own ghost. His name is SEBASTIAN RODRIGUES.

RODRIGUES
I can't believe that. Is there any proof?

VALIGNANO
Only this report from the Dutch traders. We've had no word from him since.

GARRPE
Ferreira was not only our teacher. He was the strongest of us.

RODRIGUES
His faith never wavered.

VALIGNANO
Not when we knew him. But he had much to withstand. All of them did. This is his last letter.

He RAISES a piece of rice paper and adjusts his spectacles.

VALIGNANO
(reading)
"December, 1629. The peace of God. Praised be Christ. Although there is little peace in this land now."

CUT TO

4 EXT. HUT DAY 4

Father Ferreira sits writing near a window. CAMERA MOVES IN until we see his face in silhouette.

VALIGNANO (V.O.)
(reading)
"I never knew Japan when it was a country of light. But I have never known it to be as cruel as now."

CUT TO:

5 EXT. ROAD OUTSIDE NAGASAKI DAY 5

A silent CROWD of men and women PARTS. Sullen faces. Angry faces. The people are making way for...

Five MEN and two WOMEN in what looks, at first, like a royal procession. They are surrounded by SAMURAI and various OFFICIALS. Suddenly SOMEONE THROWS a clump of SOIL at one of the mounted men. This is not a royal procession at all.

Valignano's VOICE segues with a SECOND, younger VOICE: the voice of Ferreira himself.

VALIGNANO AND FERREIRA TOGETHER(V.O.)
(reading)
"All our progress has ended in new persecution, new repression, new suffering. The magistrate of Nagasaki first hoped to destroy our Christian faith with ridicule, and by example."

We MOVE closer to the procession, noticing for the first time that the WOMEN in the litter and the mounted MEN are Europeans. And that their hands are tied.

FERREIRA (V.O.)
"But when our flock resisted, and refused to renounce God, he became more cruel."

CUT TO

6 EXT. UNZEN HOT SPRINGS DAY 6

A THICK CLOUD rising off a seething lake of boiling water. IT PARTS to reveal the five priests and two women being drawn before a large crowd toward the edge of the boiling spring.

FERREIRA (V.O.)
"He took five of our own Society, together with the wife and daughter of one of our countrymen, to Unzen. There are springs there. The Japanese call them 'hells,' partly I think in mockery, and partly, I must tell you, in truth."

The cold air makes the STEAM rise from the lake, forming dense, forbidding clouds that envelop everyone.

FERREIRA (V.O.)
"The officials told our brethren to abandon Christ and the gospel of His love. But they refused to apostatize. They even asked to be tortured, so they could demonstrate the force of their faith and the presence of God within them."

The water throws scalding spray into the air, burning the face of one of the priests. He yells in pain. But he turns, unbroken, to his captors, refusing to capitulate.

Showing no anger, an Official reaches out and tears off the priest's robe. Guards dip long-handled ladles into the boiling water of the spring,

CUT TO

7 EXT. UNZEN HOT SPRINGS DAY 7

Seen now from a distance, as if on a stage: guards approach the seven Christian prisoners, who are tied naked to wooden stakes. The guards DRIP the scalding water onto their bodies.

FERREIRA (V.O.)
"They used ladles filled with holes so the drops would come out slowly, and the pain would be prolonged. Each small splash of the water was like a coal."

The young girl (MARIA) falls to the ground, shrieking in agony. The crowd surges forward as the Guards pick her up.

FERREIRA
"Some remained on the mountain for 33 days."

CUT TO

8 EXT. UNZEN HOT SPRINGS DAY 8

A month later. Still from a distance: The six Christians are being untied from the stakes. Their bodies are wracked from the effects of exposure.

FERREIRA (V.O.)
"The story of their courage has become almost legend. They give hope to those of us who remain here, against government order, to teach the faith."

CUT TO:

9 INT. HUT DAY 9

Ferreira, in silhouette, writing--the same image that began this sequence. Valignano VOICE MERGES with Ferreira's.

FERREIRA AND VALIGNANO TOGETHER (V.O.)
"They are an inspiration to those who, against government will, still cling to our Lord. We only grow stronger, in His love."

CUT TO

10 INT. STUDY/MACAO MISSIONARY COLLEGE 10

Valignano looks up from the letter.

RODRIGUES
There is no indication his faith has wavered. He says they grow stronger, not weaker.

VALIGNANO
Those are words from ten years ago, when the persecutions had just begun. Now things are so much worse. Thousands have died. Thousands more have given up the faith.

RODRIGUES
But we can't be sure Ferreira is one of them. If he is still alive...if there is even a chance...then we must find him and bring him back.

VALIGNANO
I cannot allow that. Only Dutch ships are permitted to enter port, and they are thoroughly searched. It's far too dangerous.

RODRIGUES
Not for the Dutch.

VALIGNANO
The Dutch are Protestants. And clever. Faith is only a tool for them. There's little danger for them.

GARRPE
But we're used to danger, Father. And there are so many people who need us in Japan.

CUT TO

11 EXT. GARDEN AND GROUNDS/MACAO MISSIONARY COLLEGE DAY 11

Valignano walks with the young priests through a modest but immaculately-tended garden area. Fog hangs in the air like clumps of cotton. Outlines of ships in the harbor can be seen in the distance; occasionally a MAST breaks through the fog, swaying with the roll of the tide, then disappearing again.

VALIGNANO
You were sent to minister to the Japanese before Rome knew how serious the situation had become. But your trip can still have purpose. There is China, after all.

GARRPE
"Japan is the country in the Orient most suited to Christianity. It seems to me that we shall never find another race to equal the Japanese. They are the joy of my heart."

VALIGNANO
I knew Francis Xavier, Father, and I live with those words every day.

GARRPE
Then how can we forget the work he started? There are hundreds of thousands of Japanese with no one to teach them or to give them strength.

VALIGNANO
And you think you have strength enough for that?

The two young priests meet his glance with assurance.

VALIGNANO
I'd be condemning you. This magistrate...this Inoue...may not be the devil. But he is terror itself. And he was baptized.
(beat)
By me, on my own mission. Do you know how many of our faithful Inoue killed last year at Shimabara? Thirty-five thousand.

GARRPE
But they were martyrs to the faith they learned from us.

RODRIGUES
"If you are persecuted in one town, flee to another."

VALIGNANO
We are not talking of one town, or even a single island. We are speaking of an entire country!

Valignano is wavering, swayed by the passion and idealism of the young men. And they know that.

RODRIGUES
Father, Ferreira was more than our teacher. He was the crucible of our belief. We are here for his sake and all who followed him.

VALIGNANO
You will be an army of two.

CUT TO

12 EXT. MACAO WATERFRONT DAY 12

Rodrigues and Garrpe walk briskly past the crowded docks of the island waterfront. A misty rain falls. Junks are so closely moored that their hulls make a scraping, thumping SOUND, like a muffled cadence.

The Europeans take broad strides: the length of their step, and their height, makes the Chinese population clogging the street and congregating around the wharves give way before them. A CHINESE BUSINESSMAN has to almost trot to keep up.

RODRIGUES (V.O.)
"May 25, 1639. The peace of God. Praised be Christ. Father Valignano, I am not sure whether these lines will open a letter or start a diary. I cannot even be sure that, when they are done, they will ever reach you."

The Chinese Businessman bustles ahead of the priests and gestures for them to follow him down a narrow alley.

RODRIGUES (V.O.)
"But I want to maintain your confidence in our mission, and vindicate your faith."

The Chinese Businessman stands at the entrance to a tumbledown house, gesturing for the Priests to step inside. Rodrigues enters first, with Garrpe close behind him.

RODRIGUES (V.O.)
Today there was wonderful news. Your Mr. Chun got us a boat, with twenty-five Chinese sailors. And he found us a guide. Our first Japanese.

CUT TO

13 INT. MACAO HOUSE 13

As the Chinese Businessman hovers in the background, the two priests stoop to fit into this dank, low place. There is a MOAN from the corner of the room.

CHINESE BUSINESSMAN
He is not much. You will see.

Thick, deep shadows SHIFT suddenly. There is another MOAN. The Chinese Businessman bolts forward and plunges into this heap of shadows...

...pulling the body of a MAN (KICHIJIRO) into the feeble light. The disbelieving priests stare at the heap of humanity lying before them. He is their age, ragged and rough-skinned.

CHINESE BUSINESSMAN (cont'd)
But after six weeks, he is the only one.

GARRPE
Are you Japanese?

CHINESE BUSINESSMAN
Yes yes. He was drifting on sea. Dutch bring him.

GARRPE
Are you really Japanese?

RODRIGUES
Where are you from?

Kichijiro groans and starts crawling back into the comfort of the shadows. The Chinese Businessman stops him with a kick.

Kichijiro turns on him, SNARLING like an animal, angry. The Chinese Businessman takes a prudent step back.

CHINESE BUSINESSMAN
Answer them, fool! These are fathers, they will take you home.

GARRPE
Where is your home?

KICHIJIRO
Nagasaki.

GARRPE
What's your work?

CHINESE BUSINESSMAN
He has no work.

KICHIJIRO
Fisherman.

GARRPE
Nagasaki is near Kiyoshu.
(Kichijiro eyes him suspiciously)
Can you tells us about Kiyoshu?

RODRIGUES
You know our language.

KICHIJIRO
Little.

RODRIGUES
You learned it from the fathers, the Jesuit fathers. You must have. So you must be Christian.

KICHIJIRO
No. I am not Christian. Many Christians died at Kiyoshu.

RODRIGUES
Tell us if you are a Christian.

KICHIJIRO
Christians die.

GARRPE
How did they die? At Kiyoshu, how did they die.

KICHIJIRO
Why do you want to know? They die in agony. Like they are already in the Christian hell.
(beat)
They die.

RODRIGUES
But still, we can take you home. We have some money...

Kichijiro abruptly INTERRUPTS Rodrigues, HURLING himself at the feet of the surprised priests. He grovels, weeping.

KICHIJIRO
I want to go home. Not for money. Japan is the country of my family. Please! Take me please! I beg you! Don't abandon me here, father!

The Chinese Businessman shrugs. Garrpe and Ferreira exchange a look: is this wretch the best they can do?

RODRIGUES (V.O.)
"Go into the world and preach the gospel to every living creature." Even to one such as this."

Kichijiro sees the look that passes between them. He turns his sodden face to the light and takes a long drink from a bottle of Chinese brandy.

RODRIGUES (V.O.)
"So our Lord commanded. And as I prepare to do His work, I see His face before me."

CUT TO

14 INT. RODRIGUES'S CELL/MACAO MISSIONARY COLLEGE 14

Rodrigues lies on his pallet, staring at the ceiling.

RODRIGUES (V.O.)
"The face in Borgo San Sepulchro, fresh in my memory as the first time I saw it in seminary. He looks as he must have when He commanded His disciples, 'Feed my lambs, feed my lambs, feed my lambs.' "

CUT TO

15 INT. BORGO SAN SEPULCHRO 15

CU: The face of Christ that Rodrigues remembers.

RODRIGUES (V.O.)
"It's a face filled with vigor and strength. I feel such great love for it. It fascinates me as a man is fascinated by the face of his beloved."

From the face of Christ, we...

DISSOLVE TO

16 EXT. MACAO HARBOR DAY 16

...the face of Valignano, standing on the dock in a misty rain, like a figure from a supernatural folk tale, giving a blessing. The sea-battered Chinese junk carrying the two priests moves into the open sea.

RODRIGUES (V.O.)
"I embrace this journey as I embraced the priesthood, with honest apprehension about my own strength, but with joy, too, that God has trusted me with this chance."

On the ship, the priests watch the figure of Valignano recede into the SWIRLING MIST like a daub of paint into a fresco.

CUT TO

17 EXT. CHINESE JUNK DAY 17

The sky is pitch and rain pounds the deck in merciless gusts. Wind rolls the ship over the churning waves. The crew frantically trims the sails.

A LINE SWINGS LOOSE and Rodrigues, turning to grab it, sees Kichijiro, near the bow, clumsily furling the foresail. Kichijiro's lips are moving,as if he's reciting.

KICHIJIRO
Gratia. Santa Maria.

CUT TO

18 EXT. CHINESE JUNK DAY 18

Calm. And sun. Rodrigues, mending a sail, pricks his finger. Kichijiro lies in the corner of the deck, drunk.

He grunts out what sound like the words he uttered during the storm. The Chinese Sailors look at him with contempt.

RODRIGUES
Did you hear that? "Gratia." And "Santa Maria."

GARRPE
He can't be a Christian.

RODRIGUES
He says he's not. But I think it would be a mistake to believe him about anything.

GARRPE
If he had faith in his heart he could never be such a wretch.

Rodrigues maneuvers across the deck, Garrpe following close behind. They bend over the stuporous Japanese.

RODRIGUES
You were praying, weren't you.

This brings a direct stare from Kichijiro.

KICHIJIRO
I was cursing.

RODRIGUES
You're a Christian. Why not tell us. Just tell us.
(Kichijiro snorts)
It's a sin against God to deny.

Kichijiro fortifies himself with another drink, then weaves away from the priests. Garrpe watches him.

GARRPE
I don't even want to believe he's Japanese.

Several excited CREWMEN RUSH by them, watching a BIRD SWOOP over the boat in a favoring wind.

TIME CUT: Rodrigues and Garrpe in the bow. And THE FIRST SIGHT OF LAND on the horizon: a dark outline, as if slashed with a calligrapher's pen against the last light of the sun.

RODRIGUES
Is it Japan?

GARRPE
It looks like the edge of the earth.

RODRIGUES
(to a sailor)
Is that Japan? Japan?

The sailor SHRUGS. The TINY BIRD ALIGHTS on the deck, near where Kichijiro is standing, studying the horizon line.

CUT TO

19 EXT. CHINESE JUNK/NEAR TOMOGI SHORE NIGHT 19

On extreme close-up of Kichijiro's foot SPLASHING INTO the water. He STUMBLES in the shallow water near shore, briefly submerging in the chill current, which is thick with twigs.

Rodrigues and Garrpe watch uneasily from the ship as Kichijiro surfaces and LURCHES toward the land.

GARRPE
We have trusted that man with our lives.

RODRIGUES
Jesus trusted even worse.

And he lowers himself over the side, into the water. Garrpe hesitates, then follows and they both make for the shore.

And now we see where we are: a small harbor, near a rocky beach, with mountains looming on either side. The figures of the two priests in the water look small. And very fragile.

CUT TO

20 EXT. BEACH/TOMOGI NIGHT 20

As Garrpe and Rodrigues come ashore, Kichijiro GESTURES for them to hurry. They scurry forward like animals toward a hollow rock. As soon as they reach shelter, Kichijiro leaves.

GARRPE
(a whisper like a hiss)
Where are you going?

He SLIPS AWAY into the dark without answering.

GARRPE (cont'd)
Where did he go? Why didn't he tell us? He's a coward and he's gone to betray us.

RODRIGUES
"What you do, do quickly."

Their fear increases at the SOUND of something moving across the rocky beach. Footsteps. Drawing closer.

GARRPE
"A band of soldiers went there with lanterns and torches and weapons."

Rodrigues and Garrpe press themselves deep in the shadows of the rock. Rodrigues is shivering. His teeth are CHATTERING. Garrpe reaches for his companion and holds his head against his chest, trying to MUFFLE the sound. The priests look up and see, passing just in front of them...

...a sudden flare of LIGHT. And the sound of feet...many feet...treading the pebbly beach. The priests can hear VOICES now, but can make out no words. They exchange a FRIGHTENED GLANCE, then both turn to see...

...the face of an OLD MAN, looming over them. He studies them for a moment. A long, agonizing moment.

OLD MAN (ICHIZO)
Padre...

The priests are stunned to hear this word in their language.

ICHIZO
Come. Hurry.

Ichizo makes the sign of the cross. Now they are reassured. They SCRAMBLE to their feet as a group of a dozen villagers, carrying torches, gather near them...with Kichijiro in their midst, proud of himself, smiling in his servile way.

GARRPE
What is this place?

ICHIZO
Tomogi village.

RODRIGUES
Japan?

ICHIZO
(nods agreement)
Please. Quickly. So gentiles can't see you.

GARRPE
Gentiles?

The villagers guide the priests away from their rocky hiding place. Kichijiro smiles like a victor.

RODRIGUES
(looking at Kichijiro)
The ways of the Lord passeth understanding.

A villager makes a SIGNAL in the air with his torch. The Chinese junk signals in response and weighs anchor.

RODRIGUES (V.O.)
" 'Padre, fathers.' 'Gentiles.' Our own words sounded so foreign here. But they were a sign that the seed of our faith has been sown, and grows with tenacity."

As Rodrigues and Garrpe walk with the others, they TURN for a last look at the junk.

RODRIGUES (V.O.)
"Now it is our mission to tend and nurture it, lest it wither and die."

Rodrigues and Garrpe force themselves to turn away from the sight of the ship sailing away...

...and ahead of them see Kichijiro grinning and urging them forward. They hurry toward him, heading inland.

CUT TO

21 EXT. TOMOGI VILLAGE/BEACH NIGHT 21

The villagers, with Rodrigues and Garrpe among them, proceed away from the beach. A villager hands Kichijiro a bottle of local rice wine, from which he takes liberal swigs.

RODRIGUES (V.O.)
"We were hurried to shelter because our faithful feared betrayal by those who had not embraced the faith. Gentiles, they called them. Although nearly all the two hundred families of Tomogi had been baptized, many wavered under fear of the magistrate Inoue."

CUT TO

22 EXT. TOMOGI/ROAD NIGHT 22

Looking down on the mountainside as the procession moves into the village. Like haystacks in a rocky field, huts now loom close before them.

RODRIGUES
Is it still dangerous here?

ICHIZO
There are more executions than ever.

A young man (Mokichi) quickly draws even with the others. He has a wiry farmer's body and a resolute face.

MOKICHI
If they know we are Christians we will be killed.

GARRPE
But Our Lord hears your prayers.

ICHIZO
(humbly)
Yes. He sent you to us.

They reach a hut, indistinguishable to the priests from the others dotting the ground. Ichizo nods for them to enter.

CUT TO:

23 INT. ICHIZO'S HUT 23

A WOMAN--ICHIZO'S WIFE--comes out of the shadows and kisses Garrpe's hand, startling him.

ICHIZO
We have a little food. If you would like.

RODRIGUES
Yes, please. Rice?

There is a moment's hesitation between Ichizo's Wife and her husband. But then he nods to her, and she leaves. The Priests try to get comfortable on the dirt floor of the hut.

MOKICHI
You'll be safe here until morning.

RODRIGUES
Thank you. Tell me...
(as he looks around)
...how do you live here?

The villagers look at him blankly. He thinks he may have been misunderstood. Or, worse, may have insulted them.

RODRIGUES
I'm sorry, I mean...live with God, when the danger is so great. Can you have Mass? What about baptism?...The sacraments?

MOKICHI
We worship in hiding. But we have our own priest...the *jiisama*...and he leads us.

RODRIGUES
Who is this...
(struggles with the word)
...jiisama?

Mokichhi NODS at Ichizo, who bows his head modestly.

MOKICHI
He leads us in prayer. He says Mass. Even Communion.

On that last word, we CUT AWAY to brief images of Ichizo pouring tea and cutting up radish.

MOKICHI
We use tea for wine, and radish for the holy wafer.

CUT AWAY QUICKLY AGAIN: to Ichizo, giving the tea and radish to the faithful at communion in a hut.

MOKICHI
But we feel God sees us anyway.

Ichizo's Wife quietly returns and HANDS each of the priests a small bowl containing a few scrawny vegetables and a spoonful of rice. They start to eat. Mokichi MURMURS A QUICK grace. The priests are surprised. And a little embarrassed to have forgotten the blessing. Rodrigues puts his bowl down.

MOKICHI
Every Christian here is part of the secret body of the church.
(MORE)

MOKICHI (cont'd)
The *tossama* help with prayer and teaching. The *mideshi* help the tossama to preserve the faith.

RODRIGUES
I would like to meet the tossama.

ICHIZO
(nods at Mokichi)
It is a group. And Mokichi is one of them.

Mokichi lowers his eyes modestly. Suddenly Ichizo's Wife, who has been watching the Westerners eat, LAUGHS at Garrpe's way with the food. He smiles at her.

GARRPE
Did I make you laugh?

The expression of puzzlement on his face makes her laugh more. Rodrigues attempts to smooth over the awkwardness.

RODRIGUES
All this...this devotion...is only in Tomogi? What about other villages? Is it the same?

ICHIZO
We don't know about other villages. We never go there.

RODRIGUES
You don't go?

ICHIZO
Other villages are so dangerous. You don't know who to trust. Anyone can denounce you to the magistrate. Inform on a Christian and you get a hundred pieces of silver. Two hundred for a Christian brother. And, for a priest, three hundred.

GARRPE
(disturbed)
Three hundred? Very flattering.

RODRIGUES
You should go to the other villages, let them know priests are in Japan again. That would be good. You really must.

Ichizo nods polite agreement, but Rodrigues can see he hasn't persuaded him. It is as he reaches for his meager bowl of food again that he notices Ichizo has not been eating.

RODRIGUES
(to Ichizo)
You do not eat?

ICHIZO
It is you who feed us.

Rodrigues is struck by the simplicity and force of the answer. As he bends over his bowl, trying clumsily to use the chopsticks, his CRUCIFIX SWINGS FREE across his chest.

Mokichi sees it. His eyes fill with a flash of emotion and his hands make an involuntary movement toward the crucifix. Rodrigues understands.

SERIES OF QUICK DISSOLVES: TO the crucifix, pressed to the forehead of Mokichi, who is kneeling before Rodrigues; TO Garrpe, offering his own crucifix to Ichizo; TO the old man's hands, wrapped around Garrpe's; TO Mokichi's hands, as he takes the cross Rodrigues offers.

RODRIGUES (V.O.)
(over series of dissolves)
"I was overwhelmed right away by the love I felt from these people, even though their faces couldn't show it. They cannot reveal sorrow or joy. Long years of secrecy have made their faces into masks."

Mokichi KISSES the cross and hangs it around his neck.

CUT TO

24 EXT. MOUNTAIN ROAD DAWN 24

A SERIES OF FACES in the procession, walking and staring straight ahead. Mokichi. Ichizo. Other villagers. Faces seeming to be impassive.

Garrpe and Rodrigues, dressed in peasant clothes, are following them up a steep mountain road. Patches of thick wet mist swirl and drift all around them.

RODRIGUES (V.O.)
"To hide so much must be a terrible burden. Why do they have to suffer to be Christian? Why did God pick them to bear such a burden?
(MORE)

RODRIGUES (V.O.) (cont'd)
And, out of everyone, why Garrpe and me to help them?"

END series of CUs and CUT BACK to the procession...climbing the winding path...seen now from a distance, a ragged order of small, brittle figures in an engulfing landscape.

RODRIGUES (V.O.)
"This, I confess, I fail to understand."

CUT TO

25 EXT. MOUNTAIN HUT DAY 25

A tumbledown charcoal storage hut near the top of the mountain. The last of the morning mist is just burning off, but the beauty of the landscape only seems to underscore the severity--the desolation--of this pathetic shelter.

MOKICHI
This is safest here.

ICHIZO
If you are found, we will all be killed. When you hear this sound...

...he makes a WRAPPING SIGNAL on the door.

ICHIZO
...it will be us. If you hear anything else...

On the loud OVERLAPPING SOUND of boards being dropped we...

CUT TO

26 INT. CHARCOAL HUT 26

Mokichi and two of the other villagers toss slatted boards aside to reveal a deep hole in the ground. Dust and dirt swirl in the air.

ICHIZO
Hide.

GARRPE
It looks like a grave.

CUT TO

27 INT. ICHIZO'S HUT/TOMOGI 27

A VILLAGE WOMAN sinks to her knees. Garrpe LEANS close to her, then backs off.

He checks himself, and stays close as she turns her face up to him. His face betrays traces of distaste that his piety and earnestness cannot quite hide.

WOMAN
(heavy accent)
Konshan, Father. Please.

GARRPE
Of course I'll help.
(struggling)
Kocha? Kosha?

WOMAN
Konshan.

The young priest looks at her blankly. She begins on her own.

WOMAN
"Forgive me, Father, for I have sinned..."

And now he understands: confession. He makes a belated blessing as she continues to speak and we hear...

RODRIGUES (V.O.)
"We quickly settled into a routine. Hearing confession, and forgiving sins, even though we could not always be sure what was being confessed."

CUT TO

28 INT. ICHIZO'S HUT 28

Another day. Ichizo's hand REACHES for a tatami mat on the floor, RAISES it as if there is something underneath. There is nothing. But the hand starts to separate the tatami.

RODRIGUES (V.O.)
"Their old faith offered resignation and a road that ended in darkness. Christianity brought love, and life everlasting.

And we see there are two layers of mat, one against the other. As Ichizo separates them we see a hidden parchment.

RODRIGUES (V.O.)
"The dignity for the first time of being treated like God's creatures, not animals. And the promise that earthly trial would not end in nothingness, but in salvation."

Ichizo SMOOTHS the wrinkled paper and passes it reverently to Rodrigues, who nods and PASSES it to Garrpe. He places it on a low table against the wall. It is a picture of Jesus.

RODRIGUES (V.O.)
"We give religious instruction and teach new prayers. Quietly"

Rodrigues TURNS: much of the village is crowded into this hut. Rodrigues makes the sign of a cross and begins Mass. Kichijiro stands in the back, not quite sober, watching.

RODRIGUES (V.O.)
"We offer Mass in the dead of night, just as they did in the Catacombs. But in whispers. We dare not make a sound. And when morning comes we leave the village...quietly..."

CUT TO

29 EXT. MOUNTAIN ROAD/TOMOGI DAWN 29

Garrpe and Rodrigues negotiate the winding road to their hut through billowing clouds of early-morning mist.

RODRIGUES (V.O.)
"...we climb the mountain again. And wait. And hide. These people carry the burden of their faith up this steep road more easily than we do. Their trust in us is total, and we have to be careful they do not give us too much. When I asked Ichizo's wife for rice that first day, I thought I was asking for something simple and plentiful. But, without hesitation, she gave us all they had for the year. Their love overwhelms us both.""

CUT TO:

30 INT. CHARCOAL HUT DAY 30

Rodrigues is BAPTIZING a baby held by its mother as the father looks on with a mixture of pride and wariness.

HUSBAND
We now? All with God, in parais?

GARRPE
(frustrated)
Paradise? Now? No. But God is there now, and forever. He prepares a place for us all. Even now

The husband and wife give no sign of comprehending, but they bow and leave, passing Ichizo's Wife standing patiently holding two meager bowls of food.

GARRPE
Thank you.
(beat)
Domo.

She BOWS and exits. Garrpe HANDS Rodrigues a bowl of food.

GARRPE
I'm sorry, Father, for my impatience. I'm ashamed of my frustration.

Rodrigues NODS his head in understanding, and both priests bow their heads over the food in silent blessing.

CUT TO

31 EXT./INT. CHARCOAL HUT DAY 31

Heavy RAIN pelts the charcoal hut, running off the straw roof in great streams and LEAKING inside. Garrpe and Rodrigues are PICKING at their clothes. Garrpe POUNDS the lice-infested shirt with a rock. Vigorously.

GARRPE
The only way we can win against these lice is to get out of here.

Rodrigues tweezes several small white lice with his fingers.

GARRPE (cont'd)
I'm sorry. I know that's weak. But all I feel for these people is pity, not love.

RODRIGUES
I know. I feel pity too. These people live in fear of their faith.

Garrpe SMASHES the rock down on the scampering lice with renewed intensity. Rodrigues watches him closely.

RODRIGUES (cont'd)
Do you think...do you think everything about Ferreira could be true?

GARRPE
What?

RODRIGUES
That he groveled in front of the Magistrate Inoue. Went on his knees like a dog?

GARRPE
That's only a rumor.

RODRIGUES
One of us could go to Nagasaki and find out.

GARRPE
It's too dangerous. And not only for us. We'd be putting everyone here in danger too. They'll kill us all.

RODRIGUES
We could send someone else then. Kichijiro.

GARRPE
Are you mad?
(beat)
Sorry. You know he can't be trusted. He shouldn't be, anyway.

RODRIGUES
I don't care who it is, as long as we find out about Ferreira.

Garrpe brings the ROCK DOWN HARD on a swarm of lice.

GARRPE
Ferreira is not our mission. Even if he did apostasize, we're here now. We'll give the good example.

WHACK! He brings the rock down again on a swarm of lice.

GARRPE (cont'd)
God acts through us, after all.

The SOUND of the rock echoes through the hut as Garrpe continues his vigorous war on the lice.

RODRIGUES
Then we have a great responsibility, don't we?

CUT TO:

32 INT. CHARCOAL HUT NIGHT 32

A few hours later. SUNLIGHT creeps beneath the door.

RODRIGUES
Let's go out. Let's risk it. Just for a moment.

Garrpe looks up from his missal as Rodrigues opens the door.

CUT TO

33 EXT. CHARCOAL HUT DAY 33

The ground outside the hut is wet with just-fallen rain. Rodrigues sees clear water dripping from bright green leaves. He turns his face to the sunlight piercing the mist. Garrpe is seated beside him on a rock.

GARRPE
You're getting reckless, Father.

RODRIGUES
Maybe...Maybe we'll never be captured. I don't know, but I feel safe.

GARRPE
Yes. That is a strange feeling.

Rodrigues notices a BIRD, SOARING through the shafts of sunlight over Garrpe's shoulder.

RODRIGUES
There. Look. I'm sure it's the same bird.

We see the bird, FLOATING free in the light wind.

RODRIGUES (O.S.)
The one from the ship. It watches over us.

Garrpe turns his head to watch the bird...

RODRIGUES (O.S.)
It's God's sign.

...still in flight but nearing the ground, flying past...

...TWO MEN, apparitional figures in the still-thick mist. Standing, staring. Unmoving.

Garrpe SEES them first. He reaches for Rodrigues's arm.

GARRPE
Don't move. Someone's here.
Watching us.

Rodrigues follows his gaze, SEES the two men shrouded in the distant mist. He doesn't move a muscle. Until...the mist SHIFTS and OBSCURES the figures.

RODRIGUES
Now!

The priests DASH for the safety of the charcoal hut and...

CUT TO:

34 INT. CHARCOAL HUT 34

...their hiding place in the floor. They pull the boards across the top, squeezing themselves into the deep darkness.

CUT TO:

35 EXT. CHARCOAL HUT NIGHT 35

Hours later. The land looks peaceful under a full moon.

CUT TO:

36 INT. CHARCOAL HUT 36

The priests are now coiled tensely on the floor, trying to sleep. The soft sound of a VOICE pierces the quiet.

VOICE (O.S.)
Padre...

The Priests wake. Startled. Starting to panic.

VOICE (O.S.)
(a little louder now)
Padre.

Garrpe LUNGES for the hiding place in the floor. But Rodrigues starts for the door.

GARRPE
No!

Garrpe springs toward Rodrigues, and the two priests grapple at the door as the voice continues...

VOICE (O.S.)
Padre, don't be afraid, it's all right. We won't hurt you.

Rodrigues wrenches free of Garrpe's grip.

VOICE (O.S.)
We're Christians, Father. Christians.

RODRIGUES
It's our duty.

Rodrigues opens the hut door warily. Standing outside are TWO MEN whose faces look sinister in the darkness. They both BOW.

GOTO MAN
We frightened you. We are sorry.
(As Rodrigues collects himself)
We want to ask you to come to our village. To Goto. Many miss our faith there. Our children need you. We have no Mass, no confession.

The Goto Men watch them eagerly. One of the men has bloody feet from climbing the mountain to the hut.

GOTO MAN (cont'd)
All we can do is pray.

RODRIGUES
How did you know we were here?

The Goto Men lower their eyes.

RODRIGUES (cont'd)
It's all right. You can tell us. Was it one of the faithful?

GOTO MAN
It was a Christian of our village. Kichijiro.

GARRPE
(stunned)
Kichijiro? Our Kichijiro?

GOTO MAN
He says he traveled with you.

RODRIGUES
But he is not a Christian.

GOTO MAN
Yes he is. He spoke against God to the magistrate Inoue, it's true. Eight years ago. After his whole family was put to death. But he still believes.

CUT TO:

37 EXT. WHEAT FIELD DAY 37

Garrpe and Rodrigues stand among the villagers who have stopped their work. They look troubled at the news the two priests have just told them.

MOKICHI
No, Father...

RODRIGUES
But we will return here.

ICHIZO
I don't know the people of that village, they can't be trusted.

RODRIGUES
They are Christians, just like us.

MOKICHI
Kichijiro sent them here, you never know what's in his head.

RODRIGUES
I know he brought us to Tomogi.

GARRPE
It will be only for a few days. Deus Sama commands us all to spread the gospel to every living creature.

ICHIZO
(beat)
But one will stay. Here. Please.

MOKICHI
It is safer. To travel together risks so much.

ICHIZO
Risks all.

CUT TO

38 EXT. TOMOGI BEACH NIGHT 38

Rodrigues sails from the beach in a boat piloted by a silent BOATMAN. Garrpe and Mokichi and Ichizo and a few other villagers watch him move away into the GATHERING FOG. Rodrigues makes the sign of the cross, but he is hardly filled with confidence himself.

The Boatman squints ahead into the fog, shadows from the lantern on the mast making his face look like a ghost mask.

Rodrigues SEES a second boat nearby, carrying the Goto men. One of them looks back at Rodrigues, his face expressionless.

This makes Rodrigues even more apprehensive as the second boat is swallowed in the darkness like a ghost ship.

RODRIGUES
Boatman...we're losing them

The Boatman doesn't acknowledge him. Rodrigues says a silent prayer before his boat, too, vanishes in the gathering fog.

CUT TO:

39 EXT. THE BEACH AT GOTO DAWN 39

A face appears in the fog. Then another. Then more...

As DOZENS OF VILLAGERS WADE into the lightly BREAKING SURF on the beach at Goto helping Rodrigues DISEMBARK.

RODRIGUES (V.O.)
"What fear I felt on the journey vanished quickly on my arrival. The joy which greeted me was, I confess, almost as great as my own, coming safely to that village."

He smiles and blesses them, and makes his way through the crowd. The clamoring dies down as he approaches the center of the crowd. The people part, revealing...

...Kichijiro in their midst. Smiling like a hero.

RODRIGUES (V.O.)
"Even the sight of Kichijiro was somehow welcome."

CUT TO:

40 EXT. WOODS GOTO DAY 40

Safely hidden in the woods, a large congregation of villagers clusters eagerly around Rodrigues, who is DISTRIBUTING SMALL WOODEN CRUCIFIXES. The villagers REACH OUT FOR the handworked icons with reverent eagerness--everyone, that is, but Kichijiro, who SHRINKS BACK as Rodrigues offers him one.

RODRIGUES (V.O.)
"I felt renewed, as if I brought fresh hope to the faithful. Everyone is desperate for tangible signs of faith, so Garrpe and I had made crucifixes from wood splinters. I worry they value these poor signs of faith more than faith itself, but how could we deny them?"

TIME CUT: Rodrigues is saying mass.

RODRIGUES (V.O.)
"Their lives here are so hard. They live like beasts and die like beasts. But Christ did not die for the good and beautiful. That is easy enough."

Rodrigues looks out to the congregation, and smiles at them.

RODRIGUES
Now...will you say with me...the words of this prayer.

He bows his head. The congregation follows.

RODRIGUES (V.O.)
"The hard thing is to die for the miserable and corrupt. But here I knew I was one of them, and I shared the hunger of their spirit.

Rodrigues begins the words of prayer in halting Japanese. **[NOTE: All dialogue in this format is in Japanese, translated in subtitles.]**

RODRIGUES
"Our Father, who art in heaven, hallowed be Thy name..."

The congregation is momentarily taken aback--some do not recognize, at first, that he is speaking their language.

RODRIGUES (V.O.)
"I tried to minister in their language. I wanted to come closer to them all."

Slowly, by ones and twos, the congregation starts to say the prayer in Japanese along with him. In the front row, the Goto Man--one of the two who came to Tomogi--raises his voice and articulates more slowly, so Rodrigues can follow him. Rodrigues finishes the Japanese words of the prayer.

TIME CUT: After the mass, Rodrigues walks among the faithful.

RODRIGUES (V.O.)
"And they came to me. I felt God Himself was so near. Even if He did not speak."

He STOPS and speaks with an OLD GOTO MAN.

RODRIGUES (V.O.)
"But perhaps he spoke through others. On Goto I learned the first real news of someone who might be Ferreira."

RODRIGUES
You've seen him then. A stern man?

GOTO MAN
(shakes his head)
Oh no. Kind. So they say. I heard he made a place for infants and the sick at Shinmatsu.

RODRIGUES
Where is that?

GOTO MAN
Near Nagasaki. But so dangerous to go.

The Old Goto Man slips back into the crowd. Rodrigues' face shows a strange mixture of concern and excitement.

CUT TO:

41 EXT. A CLEARING IN THE WOODS ON GOTO 41

CAMERA TRACKS through dense, quiet woods.

RODRIGUES (V.O.)
"In Goto I baptized over a hundred adults and children, heard confessions without number, gave instruction and celebrated Mass. But it was from Kichijiro that I felt the greatest need."

CAMERA NOW DISCOVERS: Kichijiro on his knees before Rodrigues in a clearing like a small Gethsemane..

KICHIJIRO
I was Christian. I am Christian.

RODRIGUES
You did not take the crucifix.

KICHIJIRO
I did not deserve it.

RODRIGUES
You denied God.

KICHIJIRO
Only to live. Peter denied Him three times, and still Peter loved God. My whole family. They...we were betrayed by an informer. The magistrate Inoue wanted us to give up our faith. Trample on Jesus. They would not.

CUT TO

42 INT. MAGISTRATE'S OFFICE 42

Close up of the fumie, angle revealing just the suggestion of the face of Christ. A foot hovers over the fumie, WAVERING.

KICHIJIRO (V.O.)
But I did.

Kichijiro's foot COMES DOWN on the fumie.

CUT TO

43 EXT. A CLEARING IN THE WOODS ON GOTO 43

Kichijiro becomes increasingly distraught as he speaks.

KICHIJIRO
My brothers and sisters...our parents...were all put in prison. I was released. But I could not abandon them, even if I had abandoned God.

CUT TO

44 EXT. TOWN SQUARE/NAGASAKI DAY 44

Filled with samurai, officials and the curious: a large crowd has gathered in the main square of this bustling commercial town to watch a familiar ritual.

KICHIJIRO (V.O.)
So I watched them die.

In the center of the square, Kichijiro's whole family--his mother and father, two brothers and two sisters--have been bound to stakes placed on top of piles of burning branches. SMOKE fills the sky and FLAMES CONSUME the bodies of the prisoners, who SCREAM AND CRY to the heavens for mercy.

One of Kichijiro's sisters has long hair, hanging loose. As the flames devour her body, they seem to rush up the hair, quickly surrounding her head with what looks, for a brief, horrible moment, like a CROWN OF FIRE.

In the crowd, Kichijiro, covered with filth and looking like a wild dog, TURNS AWAY from this horror and tries to run. But his legs won't support him. He FALLS to the ground.

KICHIJIRO (V.O.)
Whatever I do, wherever I go, I see the fire and smell the flesh. The one thing more terrible to me than their dying is my shame.

CUT TO

45 EXT. A CLEARING IN THE WOODS ON GOTO 45

Kichijiro is close to tears.

KICHIJIRO
After I saw you and Garrpe for the first time...I thought...I started to believe...that God might take me back. Because in...in my dreams, the fire was no longer so bright.

Rodrigues looks at him very closely: he wants to believe this testament, but he is still skeptical.

RODRIGUES
Jesus said, "He who confesses my name before men, him also will I confess before my father who is in heaven. But he who denies my name before men him also will I deny before my Father who is in heaven."

Kichijiro, chastened, lowers his head.

RODRIGUES
(beat; then relenting)
Say the words of confession.

KICHIJIRO
(in tears)
Forgive me, father, for I have sinned.

CUT TO:

46 EXT. BOAT ON THE WATER EVENING 46

The Boatman is taking Rodrigues and Kichijiro back to Tomogi. Kichijiro sprawls against the side of the boat.

RODRIGUES (V.O.)
"Confession may have been good for Kichijiro's soul, but I admit, Father, it did not do much for his thirst."

Kichijiro salutes Rodrigues with a bottle of rice wine as he takes a long gulp.

RODRIGUES
"But still those six days at Goto, and Kichijiro's renewal of faith, made me think I could really be of use to people in this country at the ends of the earth...a people and a country I could still never understand."

He puts his hand on the bottle of rice wine.

RODRIGUES
You have a good heart, Kichijiro. You want to be a good man, all you need is strong faith, not this.

KICHIJIRO
A little strong drink once in a while might do you good, Father. Have some?

He offers the bottle as the boat approaches the Tomogi beach.

RODRIGUES
We're there.

CUT TO:

47 EXT. ROCK CAVE/TOMOGI BEACH NIGHT 47

Following Kichijiro, who has gone ahead, Rodrigues DASHES TO the shelter of some overhanging rocks as, in the background, the Boatman returns to Goto.

Rodrigues HEARS a noise and, expecting Kichijiro, boldly steps from his shelter.

RODRIGUES
You took so long I thought...

But it's Mokichi, with Kichijiro and a few other village men behind him. They are anxious, and a few are afraid.

MOKICHI
The magistrate's men. They are in the village.

CUT TO:

48 EXT. VILLAGE STREET/TOMOGI DAY 48

From far away, and above. Midday sun pierces the sky, shining on a great CLOUD of WHITE DUST, making it almost gleam. The dust cloud obscures the village street.

There is a SOUND, as of distant thunder...and A WHITE HORSE WITHOUT A RIDER GALLOPS through the cloud of dust.

From a hiding place on a hill just above the village, Rodrigues and Garrpe watch silently, fearfully.

The dust cloud dissipates, revealing armed samurai CLOSING RANKS BEHIND THE HORSE as it disappears down the street.

The samurai stare impassively ahead at the entire population of the village, assembled down the length of the dirt street, all trying to hide their fear. Expecting the worst.

And the villagers look up at the sound of another horse...this one moving slowly. It carries the SAMURAI LEADER, who looks down at the villagers with level and chilling indifference. Behind him is another rider, an OLD SAMURAI wearing a huge black hat like an umbrella. He smiles at the villagers benevolently.

Behind him, a third samurai leads a prisoner on foot. The man is tightly bound and pulled along harshly. It is Ichizo.

The Samurai Leader reins in his horse in the middle of the street. The samurai brings Ichizo to stand beside him.

SAMURAI LEADER
(to the villagers)
We know there are Christians among you. An informer told us.

Mokichi steps forward, a reluctant spokesman.

MOKICHI
But we pay our taxes every year. And do our duty to the State. We even worship in the temple like generations before us.

SAMURAI LEADER
We know you're all good people. We only want to hear about the Christ lovers. And those who hide them. We will know who they are.

The Old Samurai looks benignly around at the terrified villagers. His presence is almost reassuring as his eyes drift over the people.

From their hiding place on the hill, Rodrigues and Garrpe watch everything that is happening with increasing unease.

SAMURAI LEADER
Think of the price for information. So much silver.

OLD SAMURAI
And not one piece of it taxable.

SAMURAI LEADER
You have three days.

He slaps the reins easily on the horse's back. The horse takes him slowly down the main street as the people stare at him. And at the Old Samurai, who seems to regret the treatment of Ichizo as much as they do. The Samurai Leader NODS once and his men undo Ichizo's bonds.

SAMURAI LEADER
We will let this one go. But if we hear nothing in three days, we will take him again, along with three others. Chose them yourselves.
(to Mokichi, casually)
But one of them must be you.

MOKICHI (V.O.)
I am not afraid to die, fathers.

CUT TO

49 INT. CHARCOAL HUT NIGHT 49

The hut is bursting with people from the village, all of them in a state of worried agitation. Rodrigues and Garrpe try to calm them a little even as they grapple with their own fears.

MOKICHI (cont'd)
And we will never surrender you.

Rodrigues is shamed by the strength of this simple resolve

RODRIGUES
(quietly)
No one should die.

MOKICHI
No, but we'll be in danger whether you go or stay. So stay. Stay. We will never surrender you.

GARRPE
They'll keep coming back if we stay. They could destroy the entire village and kill you all while we hide.

RODRIGUES
We should give ourselves up. That would draw the danger away from you.

There is a movement at the door: Kichijiro stands there silhouetted against the inky sky and sparkling moonlight.

GARRPE
We can hide on this man's island.

KICHIJIRO
(taken aback)
Well...there is no difference between there and here. They will come to Goto, they will search, the same thing will happen.

RODRIGUES
And what would the people of Tomogi say if we ran?

MOKICHI
They would say...they love God. And you. But some do not blame the magistrate. They think he is only trying to protect our country.

VILLAGER 1
No! They would say it would be a good thing if you leave! More of us would be saved!

Garrpe and Rodrigues don't understand what is being said, but from the fact that it is spoken in Japanese--and so angrily--they know it does not bode well.

VILLAGER 2
You can't say that! They came to do God's work. We can't just give them up after all they have done for us.

VILLAGER 1
What have they done? They've put us all in danger! We never knew danger like this before they came here!

Slowly Ichizo, who has taken no part in this debate, RAISES A HAND. The room immediately goes quiet.

ICHIZO
The fathers stay.

He repeats what he just said for the two priests.

ICHIZO
You will stay.
(a beat of silence)
(MORE)

ICHIZO (cont'd)
Now we must pick two more to join us. Who will be a hostage? Who will join me and Mokichi to honor God?

An embarrassed, uneasy silence descends as every man in the room tries to avoid the eyes of the others. Finally one man (HOSTAGE 3) STEPS FORWARD. But after him, no one else moves. Until finally someone POINTS AT KICHIJIRO.

VILLAGER 1
He's not from here. What about him?

VILLAGER 2
(to Kichijiro)
Yes. For all our sakes. Please consider it. It won't be so hard on you. The officials won't question you so severely. It's the people of Tomogi they want now.

VILLAGER 1
How can we trust him? He could be the one who informed on us.

KICHIJIRO
I'm not an informer! Tell them Father.
(looking pleadingly at Rodrigues)
I confessed all my sins.

VILLAGER 2
Then if you received the Lord's blessing act like it. Honor him with your life. Give us ours.

KICHIJIRO
Honor? What are you talking about?

VILLAGER 2
A real Christian would know!

KICHIJIRO
Does your mother know you?

VILLAGER 2
(overlapping)
You can't say things like that to me. A man from Tomogi doesn't let himself be talked to like that by anyone from Goto, much less an informer.

KICHIJIRO
(overlapping)
I can say what I want to you, you think I'm afraid of you, I'm not afraid of anyone, come here if you don't believe me.

Kichijiro and Villager 2 LUNGE for one another, but other villagers hold them back. The hut fills with angry shouting. Slowly, a VILLAGE WOMAN moves from the wall and prostrates herself in front of Kichijiro. He can't look at her.

VILLAGE WOMAN
Please. Go in our place.

Silence in the room. Kichijiro looks over to Rodrigues. For guidance? For sympathy? He stares at the priest. Then NODS HIS HEAD--ALMOST IMPERCEPTIBLY--IN ASSENT.

MOKICHI
It will be the four of us then.

CUT TO:

50 EXT. CHARCOAL HUT DAY 50

A drizzle softens the summer air as the priests escort the villagers to the head of the trail that leads down the mountain to the village.

MOKICHI
But if we are ordered...if they make us trample on the fumie...if it will save the others...

GARRPE
You must pray for strength, Mokichi.

MOKICHI
But if we don't trample, everyone in the village is at risk. They can be cross-examined, taken prisoner, anything. What should we do?

RODRIGUES
(slowly)
I think you must trample.

Garrpe and the others look at him in astonishment.

KICHIJIRO
Father, why does Deus Sama give us such a terrible trial? We didn't do anything wrong.

The two priests look at each other. A simple question with no easy answer. Or no answer at all.. Except...

CUT TO:

51 EXT. TRAIL DOWN THE MOUNTAIN DAY 51

Priests and villagers KNEEL TOGETHER as a fine drizzle falls. They are finishing a prayer. Rodrigues feels Mokichi take his hand and PRESS something into it: a small hand-carved cross.

MOKICHI
Please. I made this for the Tossama. It was all we had before you came. Now you brought us...very much more.
(Rodrigues shakes his head)
I have the one you gave me forever. Please. In Jesus' name.

RODRIGUES
Your faith gives me strength, Mokichi. I wish I could give as much to you.

MOKICHI
My love for God is strong. Is that the same as faith?

RODRIGUES
(moved)
I think it must be.

Mokichi FOLDS Rodrigues' fingers over the cross as we...

DISSOLVE TO

52 EXT. TOMOGI STREET DAY 52

The Samurai Leader, riding down the village street past a sullen, frightened populace. Behind him is Ichizo, tied and being PULLED ALONG by a mounted samurai.

RODRIGUES (V.O.)
"Father Valignano, I must tell you now, humbly, that I always believed God sent us trials to test us. For everything our Lord does is good. But now, I confess, I began to wonder. Why these people, the most devoted of His creatures on earth. Why does the trial have to be so terrible. And why, Father, when I look in my own heart, do the answers I give them to their questions seem so weak?
(MORE)

RODRIGUES (V.O.) (cont'd)
Is it because my faith is weak? And because, when I pray for guidance, Deus Sama is silent."

Behind Ichizo we see the three other hostages: Mokichi and Kichijiro and Hostage 3, all tied and pulled along.

RODRIGUES (V.O.)
"They were in prison for three days. We prayed for their safe return, hoping then we might be safe too."

TIME CUT: The Samurai Leader turns to address the hostages.

SAMURAI LEADER
You all know that Christianity is an outlawed religion.

MOKICHI
We know that. But we are Buddhists. We live according to the teachings of the monks at the Danna Temple.

SAMURAI LEADER
Is that so? All of you?
(they nod slowly)
Then trample on the fumie.

One by one, they begin to obey the order

RODRIGUES (V.O.)
"All of them stepped on the fumie. But it was not enough."

TIME CUT: The Samurai Leader looks at them with contempt.

SAMURAI LEADER
You think we're fooled so easily? We saw how you looked as your foot came down. You were nervous. Full of fear.

From the hiding place on the hill above the village Rodrigues and Garrpe watch the events below with mounting dread.

MOKICHI
We were not. Why should we be? We're Buddhists.

SAMURAI LEADER
Then let's try one more way.

He holds up a crucifix.

SAMURAI LEADER (cont'd)
Spit on this. And call the Blessed Virgin a whore.

CU: Ichizo, with a crucifix held close to his face by an outstretched hand. The old man SHAKES HIS HEAD.

RODRIGUES (V.O.)
Old Ichizo would not do it.

XCU: an eye, as a TEAR ROLLS down the face of Mokichi.

RODRIGUES (V.O.)
Mokichi could not. Neither could the other man. But Kichijiro succeeded where the rest failed.

XCU: of knees, FALLING on the image of Christ...and of Kichijiro being PULLED roughly to his feet by two guards.

RODRIGUES (V.O.)
And so he was released. I must believe he suffered, along with the others.

CUT TO

53 EXT. BEACH/TOMOGI DAY 53

Three trees made into the shape of crosses stand at the water's edge, stark against the sky. A drenching rain falls. Ichizo, Mokichi and Hostage 3 are tied to the crosses by Guards. One offers them some sake to warm themselves.

RODRIGUES (V.O.)
"We were told they were given sake, as the Roman soldier offered vinegar to the dying Christ. Perhaps they remembered our Lord's suffering and took courage and comfort from it."

Garrpe and Rodrigues WATCH from a hiding place in the rocks.

RODRIGUES (V.O.) (cont'd)
"Perhaps they thought it was His sign, at last. The breaking of His silence."

CUT TO

54 EXT. BEACH/TOMOGI DAY 54

WAVES BREAK on the beach at the head of an onrushing tide, SWAMPING the crucified Mokichi. His body is crusted with salt, twisted by the rush of the water. He TWISTS in agony. Next to him is the body of Hostage 3, who has already died.

MOKICHI
Deus Sama...Deus Sama...

On his right, Ichizo's aged body spasms in pain. He too is dying. He looks over at Mokichi and manages to say one word:

ICHIZO
Pa...paradis.

And dies. Mokichi averts his eyes and raises them to heaven.

MOKICHI
Deus Sama, receive his spirit. Now his suffering is ended, let his understanding begin.

Another WAVE STRIKES him in the face.

MOKICHI
(no subtitles)
Please Jesus!

CUT TO

55 EXT. BEACH/TOMOGI NIGHT 55

As before: camera sweeps along with an incoming WAVE BREAKING against the shore, the water rushing up the sand toward...

...Mokichi, on the cross. The tide is not quite so high now: it hits him chest level. But his body hangs limp and lifeless from the cross. The pull of the tide has already torn him from the ropes that bind him. His body DANGLES loose.

Another wave buffets Mokichi's body and finally BREAKS IT LOOSE from the cross. His body is TOSSED in the water.

RODRIGUES (V.O.)
"It took Mokichi four days to die. At the end he sang a hymn, so they say. His voice was the only sound. The people of the village who were gathered on the beach were always silent."

Villagers GRAB him by his arms and carry him up the beach, under the watchful supervision of the samurai.

RODRIGUES (V.O.)
"The people were watched closely, so the bodies could not be given Christian burial."

CUT TO

56 EXT. BEACH/TOMOGI NIGHT 56

As the villagers, instructed by the samurai, FLING Mokichi's body onto a pyre made of driftwood.

RODRIGUES (V.O.)
"Mokichi's body was so heavy with water it turned the flames to smoke before it finally caught fire. His ashes were scattered in the ocean, so they could not be interred or venerated."

Through the smoking, leaping flames WE SEE: the three crosses, still planted firm in the moonlit sand.

RODRIGUES (V.O.)
"Surely God heard their prayers as they died. But did He hear their screams? I prayed that he might reach out to them, but while men raise their voices in anguish God remains with his arms folded, silent as the black sea."

From their hiding place, Rodrigues and Garrpe pray silently as the three empty crosses are washed with sea water.

CUT TO

57 EXT. BEACH/TOMOGI NIGHT 57

Rodrigues and Garrpe, accompanied by several anxious villagers, HURRY toward two waiting fishing boats.

RODRIGUES (V.O.)
"This may be my last report to you, Father. Today we hear the guards are in the mountains looking for us. Please know, Father, that if these are my last words to you I ask forgiveness for my weakness and my doubt, ask you to bless Garrpe and me in your prayers, and, with my life and whole heart, praise God."

They have to tear their glance away from the crosses, which stand like giant driftwood in the drift of the sea.

GARRPE
Kichijiro may have been right. If we'd left they might still be alive.

RODRIGUES
We can't know that. And we can't doubt. That will be our death.

GARRPE
What happened to everything? We're running from one hiding place to another. What happened to our mission?

RODRIGUES
It is more of a test than we thought, but it is still the same. God will give us strength.

Garrpe REACHES inside his clothes and removes the cross that remains from his rosary. He offers it to Rodrigues.

GARRPE
Take this. Remember me.

RODRIGUES
Thank you, father. But I have this.

Rodrigues shows him the carved cross that Mokichi gave him.

RODRIGUES
From one of the many who received God's grace.
(Garrpe looks doubtful)
Because of us, father. Because of us.

Rodrigues sounds as if he's trying to convince himself of this as well as give Garrpe strength. Garrpe HOLDS HIS ARMS OUT to Rodrigues and HUGS him quickly.

GARRPE
My prayers go with you.

RODRIGUES
And my love with you.

GARRPE
I prayed to be as strong as you.

Rodrigues WADES into the water, toward one of the waiting fishing boats. But he TURNS...

RODRIGUES
Stay alive! Promise me. Promise!

GARRPE
I promise.

Rodrigues hoists himself into the waiting boat which moves quickly away from the beach, where Garrpe stands watching.

CUT TO

58 EXT. BOAT/SEA NIGHT 58

An oar, CHURNING up the inky sea.

A small boats breasts the waves, cutting through the pitch night. Rodrigues is its only passenger, a single BOATMAN the sole crew. He will not look Rodrigues in the eye. Rodrigues hugs himself for warmth.

RODRIGUES
Is there any water?
(no reply)
Water? I'm very thirsty.

The boatman does not reply. Perhaps he does not understand. **NOTE: NOW WHEN WE HEAR RODRIGUES V.O., his voice is different: like a whisper, like a man telling secrets to himself. The words are like a fervent prayer, part penitence, part reflection and part stream-of-consciousness struggle.**

RODRIGUES (V.O.)
"Father in Heaven, praised be Thy name. I'm just a foreigner who brought disaster. That's the way they think of me now. But if I'd been an ordinary Christian, and not a priest, wouldn't I have trampled and run away just like Kichijiro? I'm running away now."

He trails his fingers in the sea and sucks the drops of salt water from his fingers.

RODRIGUES (V.O.)
"I imagine Your Son, nailed to the cross, and my mouth tastes like vinegar."

CUT TO

59 EXT. BEACH AND SEA/GOTO DAWN 59

The shore, seen from the boat: the sun has not yet burnt away the morning mist. The land looks shrouded, unwelcoming.

RODRIGUES (O.S.)
Is that Goto?

The boatman TURNS the boat so Rodrigues can disembark. He PUTS HIS HAND OUT TO HELP Rodrigues, who shakes it, then uses it to steady himself as he stands in the boat rocking in the waves...

...and STEPS over the side. The boatman QUICKLY ROWS away.

CUT TO

60 EXT. STREET/GOTO DAY 60

Deserted. Huts in disrepair. Broken plates and cups and bits of furniture strewn in the dust. Doors broken. The only sound is the wind, and the MEWING of a cat.

Rodrigues turns toward the sound.

CUT TO

61 INT. HUT/GOTO DAY 61

Rodrigues SCAVENGES for scraps of food. He DRINKS a bowl of water greedily, SPLASHES what remains on his face, then goes to the doorway. There is nothing outside but desolation.

A cat walks down the empty street with a field mouse between its jaws. Rodrigues leans against the door jamb. WE SEE HIM from behind: his body goes SLACK. The WIND BLOWS.

RODRIGUES (V.O.)
"I sleep standing, like a camel. I dream of mountains, and flight, and Francis Xavier. What happened to all the glorious possibility he found here?"

CUT TO

62 EXT. RICE FIELD/MOUNTAIN DAY 62

Rodrigues CLIMBS a steep path up a mountain beside a rice field. BLACK CROWS CIRCLE overhead, casting long, slow shadows in the afternoon sun.

RODRIGUES (V.O.)
"One priest remaining in this country is like a single candle burning in the catacombs."

A shadow of a crow CROSSES RODRIGUES' face, startling him.

RODRIGUES (V.O.)
"But everything I see only fills me with mortal dread. And I feel danger. Everywhere."

CUT TO:

63 EXT. MOUNTAIN ROAD DUSK 63

Rodrigues LOOKS DOWN from the top of the mountain on the deserted village of Goto and the implacable sea beyond.

RODRIGUES (V.O.)
"Xavier. And Cabral. Valignano himself. They crossed the black sea of Japan and were received with love. They didn't have to run."

CUT TO

64 EXT. FIELD DAY 64

The next day. Rodrigues PICKS a cucumber and BITES into it ravenously. After a few bites he scoops a handful of muddy water from a rain puddle and DRINKS it.

RODRIGUES (V.O.)
"Jesus forged his spirit in the wilderness. But all I find is my own desperation. For God so loved the world..."

CUT TO

65 EXT. MOUNTAIN NIGHT 65

CU: Rodrigues' hands, with the carved cross between them, locked in prayer.

RODRIGUES
"Lord, how beautiful are Thy dwellings..."

His forehead PRESSES so hard against the surrounding mountain stone it seems his skull might split.

RODRIGUES
"Everything You have created is good..."

He turns and HUDDLES against the rock, pulling his meager clothes close to his body for warmth...then SEES something.

RODRIGUES (V.O.)
"Despair is the greatest sin, but in the mystery of Your silence, it crowds my heart."

Crouching warily, he moves out of the shelter of the rocky overhang to the other side of a narrow path, reaching for...

...the ashes of a fire. They are warm.

RODRIGUES (V.O.)
"This is a sign. This could be Your sign that I am not alone."

CU: an EMBER, still GLOWING.

DISSOLVE TO

66 EXT. MOUNTAIN ROAD/SLOPE DAY 66

Rodrigues' eye. Bright with apprehension as a SHADOW crosses his line of vision. He SEES: the CROWS, still CIRCLING.

RODRIGUES (V.O.)
"Or is this Your sign? Or no sign at all?"

360-PAN with the flight of crows crossing the sky. It ends again on Rodrigues' face. The sense of the desperation of his situation--the isolation, the danger--is overwhelming him.

RODRIGUES (V.O.)
"Because there is no one who gives signs. Because I pray to silence. Because you are not there."

A cloud obliterates the last traces of sun. RAIN begins, splashing his face in large drops. He looks for shelter.

CUT TO:

67 EXT. ROCKY SLOPE DAY 67

A poor HUT in the distance. Rodrigues HURRIES toward it as the RAIN FALLS HARDER, soaking him through.

RODRIGUES (V.O.)
"Find shelter first. Then find the man who set the fire. Any man."

He uses a stick for a staff. But it SLIPS on the rocky earth. Rodrigues STUMBLES, loses his balance. The staff drops from his hand. He TUMBLES down the slope, BLOODYING his face...

CUT TO

68 EXT. SLOPE DAY 68

...as he HITS the bottom of the slope, CRYING OUT in pain. He rolls over, trying to pick himself up...

...and finds himself FACE TO FACE with KICHIJIRO, who is BRANDISHING the staff like a club. They STARE at each other in astonishment. Then Kichijiro HELPS Rodrigues to his feet and hands him his staff.

KICHIJIRO
I thought I was being followed.

CUT TO

69 INT. MOUNTAIN HUT 69

Kichijiro helps wipe the blood from Rodrigues' face. A small fire SMOKES in the corner. Rain LEAKS from the thatched roof.

KICHIJIRO
Why did you come here, father? This place is dangerous. Where are you going?

RODRIGUES
Nowhere.

He TAKES Kichijiro's rag and finishes cleaning himself.

KICHIJIRO
We'll have to be careful. There's a price of three hundred pieces of silver for you.

RODRIGUES
Three hundred...Judas got only thirty.

KICHIJIRO
There's a Christian village a day from here. We can shelter there. I'll take care of you.

Rodrigues says nothing.

CUT TO

70 INT. MOUNTAIN HUT 70

Later. The rain has stopped. Kichijiro is crouched over the fire, making tea from grass.

KICHIJIRO
You musn't blame me, father. I was only following your instructions. Faithfully.
(beat)
I was ashamed to trample and now I am an outcast again. Mokichi and the others stayed strong, like roots of a tree. But I'm weak. I'll never grow. No man knows his strength until he is tested.

Kichijiro HOLDS OUT a small piece of fish which he has cooked over the fire.

KICHIJIRO (cont'd)
Take it. Please.

Rodrigues is hungry, but wary too. Kichijiro sets the fish in front of him with a tiny but uncharacteristic flourish.

KICHIJIRO
You must be so hungry.

Rodrigues takes the fish and DEVOURS it in quick bites.

KICHIJIRO
I don't know how Mokichi could be so strong. But I'm weak and I'm like you. I have nowhere to go. I was made weak, where is the place for a weak man in a world like this?

Rodrigues looks at Kichijiro with pity.

RODRIGUES
Do you want to confess for Mokichi and Ichizo?

Kichijiro NODS and KNEELS. Rodrigues pronounces a blessing.

RODRIGUES
"Our Lord is crowned with thorns. Our Lord is crucified..."

The words of the confession become Rodrigues' whispered prayer.

RODRIGUES (V.O.)
" 'What thou dost, do quickly.' Your Son's words to Judas at the Last Supper. Was he angry when He said them? Or did they come from love?"

CUT TO

71 INT. MOUNTAIN HUT 71

Rodrigues lies on the ground near Kichijiro, who squats near a smoking fire. The priest would appear to be sleeping, but his eyes are wide open.

RODRIGUES (V.O.)
"And if Jesus loved Judas, why didn't He stop him?"

Kichijiro looks at Rodrigues, who closes his eyes tight.

KICHIJIRO
Father? Are you asleep?
(no response)
Father?

Rodrigues still does not answer. After a moment, his eyes flutter, as if he's waking...

...and looks for Kichijiro. But Kichijiro is gone.

RODRIGUES
"What thou dost, do quickly."

He LIES DOWN again, resigned to whatever fate Kichijiro may have in store...but Kichijiro WALKS IN FROM THE SHADOWS, arms loaded with twigs which he dumps on the fire.

KICHIJIRO
Did you say something, father?

RODRIGUES
Prayers.

Rodrigues TURNS AWAY from him and, relieved, closes his eyes.

KICHIJIRO
Don't you trust me by now? No one trusts me.

CUT TO

72 EXT. ROAD DAY 72

Kichijiro's staff PIERCES the body of a snake in the grass at the side of the road. He holds the dying reptile up.

KICHIJIRO
Take this. We eat them for medicine.

Rodrigues shakes his head and walks on. Kichijiro pulls the wiggling snake from his staff and throws it into the grass.

CUT TO:

73 EXT. ROAD DAY 73

A path through a deep wood. SUN SHINES down in shafts through the dense trees. The heat makes WHITE STEAM RISE on the road. Kichijiro WALKS several yards in front of Rodrigues.

KICHIJIRO
We won't reach the village today if we can't walk faster.
(turns)
Are you alright, Father? You seem tired.

RODRIGUES
Just...no, I'm alright. Just so thirsty. The fish was so salty.

KICHIJIRO
I'll find you some water. Keep walking.

RODRIGUES
No, that's alright, I...I thirst.

KICHIJIRO
Our Lord said that.

RODRIGUES
Yes. I mean...I ate so much of that fish. You made me.

KICHIJIRO
For strength.

Kichijiro DASHES from the path and into the wood, holding a small water vessel. Rodrigues is alone. He walks a few steps, stops, looks around. He is exhausted and uncertain. He SINKS TO HIS KNEES and prays aloud.

RODRIGUES
Father, hear me. My foot is on the path, but I don't know where it leads. Please, Father, lead me. Give me Your hand...

As Rodrigues prays, CAMERA MOVES BACK, FURTHER AND FURTHER...

RODRIGUES
I am on the road to Damascus but there is no blinding light.

SUDDEN CUT TO: the water vessel, FALLING AND SMASHING on the ground. Kichijiro stares at Rodrigues.

KICHIJIRO
I'm sorry, father. I thought something was wrong.
(as Rodrigues gets up)
But never mind. There's a stream just nearby. You can drink as much as you like.

Rodrigues resignedly FOLLOWS Kichijiro off the path.

CUT TO

74 EXT. STREAM DAY 74

Rodrigues' face, REFLECTED in the water as he kneels by the bank. As he stares at it, the gentle current shifts, creating RIPPLES that change the reflection to the image of...

...Jesus: much the same image as in Borgo San Sepulchro.

Rodrigues LAUGHS and PLUNGES his face into the water, BREAKING the image. He DRINKS deeply from the river, then raises his head. He SEES his reflection again. He SCOOPS up a handful of water, rubs it on his face. When he lowers his arm, HE SEES...

...THE SAMURAI LEADER. Frightened, Rodrigues JUMPS to his feet and backs into the stream. He turns to RUN across to the other side of the stream, into the woods...

...but SEES: a DOZEN SAMURAI. Their swords GLEAM in the sun.

Rodrigues knows he is trapped. He tries to hide his panic.

The Samurai Leader SIGNALS his men. They quickly cross the stream and seize Rodrigues firmly but not forcibly. Then the Samurai Leader inclines his head in the direction of...

...Kichijiro, who is watching from a large rock a few yards away. The Samurai Leader starts walking toward him.

KICHIJIRO
Father, forgive me! I am weak. I told you I am weak. God knows I am weak but still loves me. Isn't that what you promised? Does God still love me?

The Samurai Leader THROWS A HANDFUL OF SILVER COINS at him. Kichijiro lets the coins lie where they fell as he watches Rodrigues being LED OFF through the thick brush.

KICHIJIRO
I pray for God's forgiveness. He will hear me.

Rodrigues TURNS to look at Kichijiro, who stares after him, getting smaller and smaller as Rodrigues is pulled away.

KICHIJIRO
He forgives everything.

CUT TO

75 EXT. WOODS AND CLEARING DAY 75

The SUN is merciless. HEAT WAVES rise from the earth. Rodrigues, PULLED by his captors, stumbles along the path, swallowing dust. PEASANTS and VILLAGERS on the route stare at him. Rodrigues tries to smile at a child who looks at him wide-eyed, but his cracked lips only make his mouth wrinkle.

RODRIGUES(V.O.)
"And the Word was with God, and the Word was God."

The procession, with Rodrigues in the middle, leaves the path for a field. FIVE PEASANTS, BOUND, STARE in amazement as...

...Rodrigues approaches. Samurai nonchalantly place the priest in the midst of the peasants who BOW as he settles on the ground. He notices a HUT in the near distance. The whole scene is unexpectedly peaceful.

RODRIGUES (V.O.)
So quiet. Like a day of peace and prayer, not a day of sacrifice. I won't be a martyr today. Thank you, Father. And for the martyrdom, too, when it comes. I want it to come.

A PEASANT WOMAN (MONICA) reaches into her blouse and retrieves a cucumber, which she offers to Rodrigues.

RODRIGUES
Domo...what is your name?

MONICA
Monica.

RODRIGUES
Like the mother of Augustine.

MONICA
My baptism name. My husband is Juan.

Rodrigues nods at the man, whose eyelid lies lifeless over his left eye. The taste of the cucumber is foul in his mouth, as bitter as the fear he tries to suppress. But he's ravenous. He keeps eating.

MONICA (cont'd)
He wanted to be called after our priest. He died at Unzen.

RODRIGUES
(unguarded)
There will be many more joining him.

They look at him blankly. A sudden desperation escapes him. His temper flares.

RODRIGUES
Why are you looking like that? Why are you so calm? Don't you understand? We're all going to die like that. Soon.

They look at him with growing astonishment and he immediately begins to feel remorse for his outburst. He forces down the last bite of cucumber.

RODRIGUES
Thank you...for the food.

MONICA
Domo. But Father...our father...Father Juan...said if we die we will go to heaven. Isn't it good to die? Heaven is so much better than here. We will not be hungry or sick. We will not pay taxes or do heavy labor.

RODRIGUES
(conciliatory)
Father Juan was right. There's no heavy labor in heaven. No taxes, no hunger. Nothing can be stolen from you. And there's no pain....
(beat)
Were there other priests?

MONICA
Only Father Juan.

RODRIGUES
Ferreira.
(as Monica struggles to pronounce the name)
Father Ferreira? Did you ever hear of him?

Monica shakes her head. Rodrigues LOOKS AWAY toward the OLD SAMURAI approaching with two peasants. He seems to be stepping straight out of the broiling sun. He DEFTLY WIELDS A FAN to ward off FLIES that buzz perpetually in the steaming air and SEATS HIMSELF on the ground as if he's at a picnic.

OLD SAMURAI
I wish you people would stop causing me so much trouble, especially in this weather. We shouldn't be traveling so far at our age. The dust, the heat, I never remember it being this bad. And it's all so unnecessary. Just make a little effort to understand our point of view. We don't hate you. You work hard, pay your taxes, there's no real reason for this trouble. You've brought it on yourself. And you can rid yourself of it too.

They keep their eyes on the ground, not looking at him.

OLD SAMURAI
It's so simple. I'll give you time to think it over. Then you can give me a reasonable answer. Go on now.

He gestures them away and they RISE. Rodrigues gets up with them but the Old Samurai SNAPS OUT...

OLD SAMURAI
Not you!
(beat)
You stay.

Rodrigues, startled, sits back down on the ground. The Old Samurai sips from a cup of water.

OLD SAMURAI (cont'd)
You understood what I was saying to them? Your Japanese is good enough?

RODRIGUES
I saw your eyes.

OLD SAMURAI
And what did you think you saw there?
(Rodrigues does not answer)
They're fools, those peasants.

Rodrigues GLANCES AT the prisoners being led away.

RODRIGUES (V.O.)
Lord spare them suffering and keep them safe in Thy hand.

OLD SAMURAI
They can talk among themselves for hours and never come to a conclusion. Not one can think for himself. But you understand, don't you?

RODRIGUES
Just say what you mean.

OLD SAMURAI
That it all depends on you whether they are set free. Your Christian God is sensible, at least in some things. Let him tell you to deny your faith. Apostasize.

RODRIGUES
And if I refuse you'll kill me? Like the priests in Omura and Nagasaki?

The Old Samurai looks at him sharply.

OLD SAMURAI
Been thinking about this, have you? But no. Killing only makes it worse. Martyrdom makes the peasants-- more stubborn. Now if you are a real man, a good priest, you ought to feel pity for these Christians. Isn't that so, Father? Isn't that so?

RODRIGUES
If you have to do it, punish me alone.

OLD SAMURAI
(angry)
You do not speak like a good priest. You speak like a man greedy for glory.

He gets up.

OLD SAMURAI (cont'd)
And the price for your glory is their suffering.

CUT TO:

76 INT. TINY HUT OF TWIGS 76

This is the hut that Rodrigues glimpsed in the distance in the previous scene. Samurai PUSH him inside. He loses his balance and falls to the dirt. The samurai laugh and leave.

He tries to pray. He recites the Pater Noster and the Ave Maria, but the words are dry in his mouth.

A BURST OF LIGHT hits him. The INTERPRETER is silhouetted against the outside light. He remains in silhouette throughout the scene, as Rodrigues' face remains in full light that is sometimes so strong he has to BLINK.

INTERPRETER
Padre? *Palazera â Dios nuestro Señor.* The classical language was a gift of your Father Cabral. I've been asked to interpret on your behalf.

RODRIGUES
Behalf?

INTERPRETER
(continuing)
There was concern that we might miss certain subtleties in your testimony...

RODRIGUES
Testimony...

INTERPRETER
(still continuing on)
...if you were confined to Japanese. We wanted to be fair. And we do have a better grasp of your language than you do of ours. Cabral could never manage much more than *domo,* you know. All the time he lived here he taught but would not learn. He despised our language, our food, our customs.

RODRIGUES
I'm not like Cabral.

INTERPRETER
Really?
(pause)
Would you like to go outside? We don't think you'll run.

RODRIGUES
Are you sure? I'm not a saint and I'm afraid of death.

INTERPRETER
I admire your honesty, Father. Courage can so often be blind. But that's the kind of courage that does violence to us and causes us endless trouble.

RODRIGUES
Is that all you think we brought you? Violence and endless trouble?

INTERPRETER
We had our own religion, Father. Pity you overlooked that. We didn't need a foreign one.

RODRIGUES
We think a different way.

INTERPRETER
True. You say our Buddhas are all men.

RODRIGUES
A Buddha dies too. Like all men. He is different from the Creator.

INTERPRETER
You're an ignorant man, Father. Only a Christian would regard Buddhas as mere human beings. Our Buddha is a being which man can become. Something greater than himself, if he can overcome all his illusions. But you cling to your illusions and call them faith.
(Rodrigues does not reply)
Your Creator is all loving and all merciful, so you believe. Then why does he give man so much suffering on the way to heaven?

RODRIGUES
You don't understand. If any man observes God's commandments, he...

INTERPRETER
(interrupting)
I do understand, Father. It's perfectly simple. Apostasize, or your beloved peasants will enjoy one of those trials that come so often from your God. They will see the world from His vantage. From above. But they will be upside down, hanging over a pit. Things start to look very different from there. Certainly they did to Fathers Porro and Cassola. There was one called Pedro, too. And Ferreira of course.

RODRIGUES
Ferreira?

INTERPRETER
Did you know him?

RODRIGUES
I've heard of him.

INTERPRETER
No doubt. He's well known all over Japan now. The priest with the Japanese name. And the Japanese wife.

RODRIGUES
(stunned)
I don't believe you.

INTERPRETER
Ask anyone. People go to marvel at his great house in Nagasaki.

Rodrigues SHAKES HIS HEAD, trying to deny what he's heard. The Interpreter sees that his information has made an impact.

INTERPRETER
He's held in great regard now. Which, I believe, is why he came here in the first place.

The Interpreter STEPS OUT.

CUT TO:

77 EXT. TINY HUT OF TWIGS DAY 77

The Interpreter looks casually at the samurai guards.

INTERPRETER
Arrogant. Like all of them. But he'll apostasize.

CUT TO:

78 INT. TINY HUT OF TWIGS 78

Rodrigues is praying fervently now, in contrast to his prayers of only minutes before. He has been shaken by the news of Ferreira.

RODRIGUES
Lord, forgive me for my pride. Give me the strength Ferreira did not have. If he could not stand up to the test, how can I? I thought martyrdom would be my salvation. Dear God, do not let it be my shame.

CUT TO

79 EXT. JAPANESE BOAT DAY 79

TRACKING PAST A HUGE CROSS. Fifty feet high. Gaunt, black, pitted by fire, like a monument to a vanished civilization.

Rodrigues is seated in the bow of a large boat surrounded by samurai and a dozen or so other prisoners. All but Rodrigues are bound. He looks wonderingly at the cross.

OLD SAMURAI (V.O.)
Yokose-no-Ura. Tell him.

THE INTERPRETER
He wishes you to know that was the port of Yokose-no-Ura, opened by the early Jesuit fathers. Every Christian in the country came here. Even feudal lords were baptized in the great church. The cross was so large it could be seen beyond the horizon.

NOW WE SEE: near the great cross, the burnt-out ruins of a village. There is no grass, no color. The earth is covered with ash. It is a scene of silence and absolute desolation.

THE INTERPRETER
But now it has been burned. Deus Sama punishes Japan. Through you.

CUT TO:

80 EXT. JAPANESE BOAT NIGHT 80

Rodrigues rests his head against the side of the boat which moves forward under full sail. We think at first he is praying. But his eyes are wide open, and his lips are still.

RODRIGUES (V.O.)
Father, I feel the weight of their fate. Those who have died. Those who will die. Like the weight of Your silence.

Rodrigues raises his head as he hears a SOUND: the choppy, rhythmic dip of a distant oar in the water. In the shadows, The Interpreter notices Rodrigues staring into the night.

BOATMAN
Is anyone there?

OLD SAMURAI
Someone night fishing. Leave him alone.

RODRIGUES
Someone's following.

THE INTERPRETER
Deus Sama? Surely He rows faster than that.

Another SOUND overlaps: jeers. Angry shouts. As we...

CUT TO

81 EXT. NAGASAKI DAY 81

A JAPANESE WORKER drops his shovel and RUSHES TOWARD THE CAMERA, As he comes closer, he is joined by a dozen others, all gaping toward...

...Rodrigues, on an aged horse. He attracts more attention this way. He is MUTTERING the stations of the cross.

RODRIGUES
"Women of Jerusalem, weep not for me..."

A WOMAN APPROACHES, holding two CHILDREN by the sleeve.

CHILD
Look how big he is.

A small band of STROLLING MINSTRELS (*Hakama*) LAUGH and provide musical accompaniment to Rodrigues' halting progress.

RODRIGUES
"*Pange lingua gloriosi prælium certaminis Et super crucis tropæo dic triumphum nobilem...*"

NOW WE SEE: Rodrigues is among a group of other prisoners and samurai guards. All prisoners but Rodrigues are bound and being PULLED along. Black clothed BONZES point at the priest.

RODRIGUES
"We adore you, O Christ, and we bless you ..."

Travelers with hats huge as umbrellas and straw coats GAPE. A MAN in the crowd THROWS DIRT.

RODRIGUES (cont'd)
"...because by your holy cross you have redeemed the world."

Rodrigues turns toward the man who threw the dirt at him, and the crowd responds with further jeering. And in their midst now Rodrigues SEES...

...Kichijiro, staring at him in pity, fear and shame.

RODRIGUES
(calling to him)
Was it you last night?

Kichijiro slinks back into the crowd. Beyond him, in the near distance, WE SEE...

...Nagasaki. It's a city still under construction. SOUNDS OF BUILDING accompany the procession as it moves steadily toward the city and a hill on which stands a...

CUT TO:

82 EXT. NEW PRISON AFTERNOON 82

The PROCESSION ENTERS the prison gate. Rodrigues looks at this new place of confinement, trying to mask his emotion.

CUT TO:

83 INT. PRISON CELL 83

Light STREAMS THROUGH a small window. SOUNDS of the city being built up drift from outside: CRIES of working men; sounds of trees being SAWED and nails being DRIVEN.

CU on Rodrigues: he is MAKING A ROSARY from strong paper and string. His beard and hair have grown. The SOUND of the NAILS being pounded makes him reflective.

RODRIGUES (V.O.)
Thank you, Lord, for the gentle days here, and I pray...I hope...I have found the strength for whatever awaits me at their end.

In A QUICK SERIES OF TIME CUTS, WE SEE: Rodrigues, ministering to the other prisoners, including Monica and her husband Juan; reciting passages from Scripture; hearing confession by pressing his ear to the hole through which food is passed as other prisoners huddle in the cell corner.

RODRIGUES (V.O.)
Even the guards here have been touched by Your hand. My ministry to the other prisoners is a precious gift to me and, I hope, a help to them.

WE INTERCUT the glimpses of Rodrigues and the prisoners with SHOTS of him fashioning the rosary from paper and string.

RODRIGUES (V.O.)
I feel so close to you now, Father. I see the life of Your Son so clearly, almost like my own. And His face. It takes all fear from me. It's the face I remember from childhood, the face I saw in the Borgo.

Rodrigues stares at the dirt floor of his cell AND IMAGINES the face of Christ from the Borgo looking back at him.

RODRIGUES (V.O.)
Speaking to me. I'm sure of it. Promising "I will not abandon you."

Rodrigues stares at the image of Christ and REPEATS ALOUD...

RODRIGUES
"I will not abandon you...will not abandon..."

Suddenly a long bolt of red cloth spreads across the image of Christ like a great blot of blood. Rodrigues looks up startled. A GUARD stands at the door.

GUARD
Put those on. Hurry up, or we won't let you have any more paper and string for your toys.
(as Rodrigues hesitates)
Jittoku. It's what our monks wear.

CUT TO:

84 EXT. PRISON COURTYARD DAY 84

FIVE SAMURAI are seated formally in the yard, the Old Samurai in the middle, the Interpreter next to him. They all hold fans, which they SWISH in the stifling air.

Rodrigues, wearing the clothes of the Buddhist monk, SQUINTS at the hot sun. Then GLANCING to his left, he SEES...

...Monica, Juan and the other prisoners watching through their small cell window as he seats himself on the ground. He is very aware of his responsibility to be strong for them.

SAMURAI 1
Father Rodrigues? From Portugal, yes? I am sorry, Father, for my speaking. My language is not so good. But the Governor of Chikugo is anxious about your perplexity...perplexity?

INTERPRETER
Perhaps "uncertainty."

SAMURAI 1
Or uncertainty, yes. About why you are here. And your discomfort...

He looks to the Interpreter, who nods.

SAMURAI 1 (cont'd)
...if you are not at ease, please say so.
(Rodrigues BOWS his head)
You also have...have...moved on the water...

Unsatisfied with the way he's expressing himself, he looks to the Interpreter again, then BEGINS SPEAKING RAPIDLY IN JAPANESE. The Interpreter translates swiftly.

INTERPRETER
(translating as Samurai 1 speaks)
"You came from so far away. You risked much. The strength of your determination moves us greatly. We know you have also suffered greatly. We do not wish to add to your suffering."

These words pierce Rodrigues' heart. They are gently spoken, but he senses the threat that lurks beneath them.

INTERPRETER (cont'd)
"And the thought that we might do so is painful for us too."

RODRIGUES
Thank you.

INTERPRETER
(continuing to translate)
"But Father, the doctrine you bring with you may be true in Spain and Portugal and even the other great countries of Europe. But we have studied it carefully...reflected on it...and find it's of no use and no value in Japan today. We've concluded, regrettably, that it may even be a danger."

The Old Samurai watches Rodrigues formulate his reply with great interest.

RODRIGUES
But we believe we brought you the truth, and the truth is universal. It's common to all countries at all times, that's why we call it the truth. If a doctrine weren't as true in Japan as it is in Portugal, we couldn't call it the truth.

The Old Samurai nods his head in agreement. Rodrigues feels encouraged. He has one ally in this severe tribunal.

INTERPRETER
(continuing to translate for Samurai 1)
"I can see you have not worked much with your hands, Father. But everyone knows a tree which flourishes in one kind of soil may wither and die in another. So it is with the tree of Christianity. The leaves wither here. The buds die."

RODRIGUES
(heated)
It is not the soil that has killed the buds. There were three hundred thousand Christians in Japan before the soil was...

SAMURAI 1
Yes?

RODRIGUES
Poisoned.

Samurai 1 has to restrain his anger over this response. Only the OLD SAMURAI seems to understand what Rodrigues means, and even sympathize with it. The priest is encouraged by the Old Samurai's response. He GLANCES BRIEFLY over at the prisoners watching from their cell window, and continues boldly...

RODRIGUES (cont'd)
You have no reply? Why should you? You're never going to change my mind and I'm not going to change yours. If you really want to test my faith, give me a real challenge. Take me to the magistrate. Bring me to Inoue.

There is a lingering moment of BAFFLED SILENCE. Then...

...LAUGHTER. Even a BENIGN SMILE from the Old Samurai.

RODRIGUES
I'm sorry, I didn't think I was here for your amusement.
(as laughter continues)
What are you laughing at?

The laughter dies after a few moments.

INTERPRETER
Because, Father...

The Old Samurai INTERRUPTS with a FLICK of his fan.

OLD SAMURAI
Because I am the Governor of Chikugo, Father. I am the magistrate. I am Inoue.

Rodrigues is STUNNED. The Old Samurai RISES and walks out of the yard. The other samurai follow.

From behind him, Rodrigues hears the prisoners singing a HYMN. As the Guards take him back to his cell, he sees all their faces there, singing, and he feels he has done well.

CUT TO:

85 EXT./INT. PRISON COURTYARD & CELL DAY 85

HOLES IN THE GROUND, being dug by prisoners as RAIN POURS DOWN and Rodrigues WATCHES from his cell window. A Guard WALKS BY and the priest calls to him.

RODRIGUES
How long will they have to work in this rain?

PRISON GUARD
(heavy accent)
Until finished.

RODRIGUES
What are the holes for?

PRISON GUARD
(casually)
Privies.

The Guard walks on...and Rodrigues SEES, near the prison entrance, a MAN IN A CAPE standing, unmoving, in the rain. A Guard CHASES him away with threatening gestures. The man retreats. The Guard walks on...

...and the Man STEALS BACK, and stands there. Looking at the prisoners. Looking toward Rodrigues.

TIME CUT: the Man in the Cape stands close to the window now...close enough for Rodrigues to recognize him.

KICHIJIRO
(calling out))
Father! Father! Please listen to me!

His pleas DRAW GUARDS, who RUSH at him with sticks. He looks afraid, takes a step back, but then stands his ground.

KICHIJIRO (cont'd)
I didn't trample on the sacred image willingly. God made me weak then asks me to be strong. That's not just.

The Guards are GRAPPLING with him now, but he keeps calling out to Rodrigues, who COVERS HIS EARS.

KICHIJIRO
They threatened me! The officials...but I never took their money! I didn't betray you for money!

PRISON GUARD
<u>Get out of here now or we will hurt you worse.</u>

KICHIJIRO
Go ahead! I am a Christian! Put me in prison! I am a Christian!

The Guards are happy to oblige. They drag Kichijiro through the mud and rain past Rodrigues' window. Kichijiro looks at him pleadingly. Rodrigues reaches out his hand in blessing...but STOPS.

RODRIGUES (V.O.)
Did Jesus pray for Judas?

He watches from the shadows as Kichijiro is DRAGGED AWAY.

CUT TO:

86 INT. CHRISTIAN PRISON CELL 86

Rodrigues STEPS INTO the cell, SEES: the Christian prisoners seated together in a group, some speaking among themselves, others praying. Seeing the priest, Monica glances toward a corner of the cell and WE PAN to REVEAL: Kichijiro, crouching in the shadow, separated from the others. Shivering.

MONICA
Be careful of him, Father. Maybe Inoue already paid him to get us to apostasize.

KICHIJIRO
No! He did not! Father...Father, let me confess. Please, father.

The other prisoners watch as Rodrigues--reluctantly; warily--goes to Kichijiro and kneels beside him. Kichijiro is filthy, and smells foul, and instinctively Rodrigues moves back.

KICHIJIRO
I smell of sin. I know. I want to confess, so the Lord will wash me clean.

RODRIGUES
I will give you absolution but I can't trust you. I don't understand why you've come here.

The Prisoners watch and listen with great interest.

KICHIJIRO
Yes, father, I denied. I'm an apostate. But ten years ago I could have died a good Christian.
(MORE)

KICHIJIRO (cont'd)
There was no persecution then to test us. This is so unfair...I'm sorry...

RODRIGUES
But do you still believe?

Kichijiro looks down. He can't answer. As Rodrigues utters the words of absolution, WE HEAR...

RODRIGUES (V.O.)
Father, could even Jesus love a wretch like this? There is evil all around in this place. I sense its strength. Even its beauty. But there is none of that in this man. He is not worthy to be called evil.

Rodrigues FINISHES the absolution, then follows with the customary conclusion...

RODRIGUES
(whispering)
Go in peace.

CUT TO:

87 INT. RODRIGUES CELL 87

He stares at the floor, miserable about his failure of spirit. Jesus's face--the face from the Borgo--is before him.

CUT TO: The eyes of Jesus, tight shot. They seem to look down into Rodrigues' very soul.

RODRIGUES (V.O.)
As I feel...I fear...Father forgive me...I may not be worthy of You.

Rodrigues hangs his head in shame.

CUT TO:

88 EXT. PRISON YARD DAY 88

BURNING SUNLIGHT at midday. A row of five stools, and FIVE OFFICIALS settle themselves on them. They stare indifferently at FOUR CHRISTIAN PRISONERS on the ground in front of them.

Rodrigues WATCHES from his cell window. The whole scene is played out from his POV, through the bars on the window.

Sounds of CICADAS and the SWISH of a fan or RUSTLE of a fine robe worn by an official punctuate the weary routine of the day. OFFICIAL # 1 almost sounds bored when he speak up...

OFFICIAL # 1
This is just a formality, really. Just trample, that's all. We're not asking you to do it sincerely. It's only for appearances. Just putting your foot on the thing won't betray your faith, whatever it is. Truthfully, I'm not interested. The sooner you get it over with the sooner we can all get out of the sun.

Rodrigues can tell the Official is trying to disarm the prisoners, and he can't be sure how they will react.

OFFICIAL # 1 (cont'd)
Put your foot on it and nobody will care what you believe. Just rest it...brush it...lightly, if you like...however you like, it's not important...and you'll be free, Immediately.

Guards come forward carrying what looks like a package. They lay it on the ground and unwrap it and we CUT CLOSE to SEE: it is the fumie. This is the first time since the opening scene we have FULLY SEEN the fumie itself.

The Christians stare at the face of Christ on the fumie. Rodrigues SEES IT TOO, and in his cell mutters a prayer.

RODRIGUES
Lord, give them strength. Lord give me strength.

The Official begins the formal ceremony by calling...

OFFICIAL # 1
Chokichi...also called Juan...

The Guards urge Monica's one-eyed husband forward when he does not respond. He stands with his head bowed.

OFFICIAL # 1
Go ahead. Step on it.
(Juan does not move)
It's only a picture. Step on it. Do it!

Juan can not, will not, obey. One of the Guards SWATS HIM impassively with a club, pulls his head back by the hair. Looking straight at Official # 1, Juan SHAKES HIS HEAD again.

In a SERIES OF QUICK CUTS, Juan's FACE is replaced by the FACE OF MONICA...and then by the face of each of the other prisoners in the yard...EACH SHAKING THEIR HEADS in refusal.

Official # 1 SIGHS, almost inaudibly, then RISES. The others FOLLOW HIM into a hut at the far side of the yard. The tension has dissipated. The Prisoners relax a little.

Suddenly the VOICE of Official # 1 CALLS across the yard. The Guards take three of the four prisoners to the hut. Only Juan remains behind, continuing his conversation with the Guard.

GUARD (O.S.)
It seems a pity to throw it away so lightly.

JUAN (O.S.)
Well, it's not lightly. But it does seem a pity.

It sounds as if they're talking about nothing more serious than a corn husk. Relieved, Rodrigues draws away from the window and rests his head against the cell wall.

RODRIGUES (V.O.)
Thank you, Lord, for hearing my prayer.

FLIES BUZZ around his face. He SHOOS them away with his hand., then HEARS the SOUND of someone RUNNING ACROSS the prison yard. Then a kind of STEELY WHOOSHING SOUND...

...and then ANOTHER SOUND. A dull CLAP OF IMPACT. Curious, Rodrigues RETURNS to the window in time to see Juan's severed head coming ROLLING past him in the dust.

Rodrigues RECOILS. There are SCREAMS from the hut as the Guard DRAGS Juan's headless body to the RECENTLY DUG HOLES in the yard and DUMPS it in. Rodrigues SHUDDERS at the sight.

Official # 1 stands in the doorway of the hut, speaking loudly now, for all to hear.

OFFICIAL # 1
You've seen an example of what can happen. Now here is a perfect example of how to avoid that fate. Bring him out here.

Guards HAUL Kichijiro to the fumie.

OFFICIAL # 1
Go ahead. Just put your foot there. See how easy it is for him? I admit, he's had practice. But look how simple the movement is.

Kichijiro, dressed only in a loincloth, puts his foot on the face of Christ.

OFFICIAL # 1 (cont'd)
It's not even as hard as bowing. Is it? Is it?

Kichijiro NODS his head.

OFFICIAL # 1
Or running. Now go! Get out of here! You see...

He addresses the Prisoners now as Kichijiro DASHES for the prison gate...through the long RIBBON OF BLOOD on the ground from Juan's body.

OFFICIAL # 1
He lived up to his obligation. We stand by ours.

Kichijiro vanishes into the busy street outside.

The Officials leave the hut. Guards take the prisoners back to their cell. The ordinary quiet of the yard is restored. Rodrigues stares into the bright stillness as if searching for something.

RODRIGUES
Kyrie Eleison! Lord have...have mercy...have...

The words turn to dust in his mouth. His LIPS move but no sound comes out.

RODRIGUES (V.O.)
Martyrdom. Holy martyrdom. Is that what this is?...

ON THESE LAST WORDS, CUT TO: the trail of Juan's blood in the dust of the prison yard. Then back to..

RODRIGUES (V.O.)
...what I've been preparing for? Praying for? But when I pray now I feel I'm blaspheming. And You answer with all I deserve. With silence.

His VOICE fades out, until only the SOUND of the cicadas is heard. And all that's left in the yard are the shifting shadows of the passing Guards.

CUT TO:

89 INT. MAGISTRATE'S OFFICE DUSK 89

A BOWL OF HOT WATER is set in front of Inoue, who NODS in a comradely fashion to Rodrigues, seated across from him.

The Interpreter hands the priest ANOTHER BOWL OF WATER, which is HOT to the touch. Rodrigues places it on the ground. He is distracted, uneasy. Unsettled by the violence he's witnessed.

INOUE
I'm sorry I've neglected you these past few weeks, Father, but I had business in Hirado. I hope you'll get to go there yourself sometime.

RODRIGUES
It must be very beautiful.

INOUE
Well, maybe more interesting than beautiful. You know the story of the great man of Hirado. You could say life had overwhelmed him with generosity. He had four concubines. Four. They were all beautiful, but they...I'm sorry, maybe this is not a story for a celibate priest.

RODRIGUES
Please go on.

INOUE
In any case, they were beautiful, but they were all jealous, and they quarreled constantly. So the man of Hirado expelled them all from his castle and peace came into his life again.
(beat)
Do you think this story has a lesson?

RODRIGUES
Yes. That this was a wise man as well as a great one.

INOUE
I'm glad you see it that way because it means you agree with me. Because to us this man is like Japan. And these women are Spain, Portugal, Holland, England, all whispering slanders about the other into his ear. Each trying to gain the advantage against the other and destroy the house in the process. If you think this man is wise, then you must understand why Japan must outlaw Christianity.

RODRIGUES
Our church teaches monogamy. What if Japan were to choose one lawful wife from the four?

INOUE
You mean Portugal.

RODRIGUES
I mean the holy church.

OLD SAMURAI
(laughs lightly)
Don't you think it would be better for the man to forget about foreign women and choose one of his own?

RODRIGUES
Nationality is not so important in a marriage. What matters is love and fidelity.

INOUE
Love? Father, there are men who are plagued by the persistent love of an ugly woman.

RODRIGUES
That's what you think missionary work is?

INOUE
Well, from my point of view...our point of view...yes. What is the word for a woman who cannot bare children?

INTERPRETER
Barren.

INOUE
A barren woman cannot be a true wife.

RODRIGUES
If the Gospel has lost its way here, it's not the fault of the church. It's the fault of those who tear the faithful from their faith like a husband from a wife.

INOUE
(Quietly)
Those like me?

Rodrigues lets the question hang. Inoue doesn't seem angry.

INOUE
Father, you missionaries do not seem to know Japan.

RODRIGUES
And you, honorable Magistrate, do not seem to know Christianity.

Silence. They have checkmated one another. For the moment.

INOUE
Evil? Is that the right word?

INTERPRETER
That is a word, yes.

INOUE
I've never thought of Christianity as an evil religion, Father. Others may, but I do not. I have different reasons for being against it.
(he rises)
I'd like you to think about the persistent love of an ugly woman. And about how a barren woman should never be a wife.

Inoue leaves, the Interpreter BOWING as he passes.

There is the sound of MOSQUITOS SWARMING just outside the door. Somewhere nearby a HORSE NEIGHS. The Interpreter looks at Rodrigues with a mixture of disbelief--that someone should have spoken to Inoue in such a way--and pity--at the prospect of the results of such talk.

Rodrigues RETURNS HIS LOOK without comment. But, finally, TAKES THE BOWL OF HOT WATER in his hands and sips from it.

CUT TO:

90 EXT. NAGASAKI STREET DAY 90

A procession of CHILDREN wends spiritedly down a narrow street, SINGING A SONG and CARRYING LANTERNS to various homes along the route. There is an air of celebration in the town.

CUT TO:

91 INT. RODRIGUES CELL NIGHT 91

A Guard enters the cell carrying two fresh straw mats. The Interpreter is with him. Rodrigues hands the Guard a bowl of uneaten fish and rice.

RODRIGUES
Give it to the others. I don't need to be fattened for the slaughter.

INTERPRETER
Why do you say that? Magistrate Inoue ordered the extra food especially for you. It's for strength. You need strength.

RODRIGUES
Not your kind.
(nods at new mats)
You can take those too.

The Guard disregards him and GATHERS UP the old straw mats, replacing them with the new ones. The SOUND of CHILDREN'S VOICES singing the Urabon song drifts in from the outside.

INTERPRETER
You understand the singing, Father?

RODRIGUES
Yes a little.

INTERPRETER
It's a song for Urabon. It's a night when everyone hangs lanterns and lights candles for our ancestors.

RODRIGUES
Halloween.

INTERPRETER
What?

RODRIGUES
A feast day in the West.

INTERPRETER
Oh. Well, I hope you'll continue to be comfortable.

CUT TO:

92 INT. CELL EARLY MORNING 92

The woman Monica is DRAGGED BY GUARDS past Rodrigues' window.

MONICA
Father...father, can you help...

At the window, Rodrigues REACHES his fingers through the small opening and TOUCHES the fingers of the terrified Monica as she is dragged toward other prisoners in the yard.

The cell door opens and The Guard deposits fresh red monk's clothes on the floor.

GUARD
You're traveling today.

TIME CUT: Rodrigues TEARS AT the hem of his robe, opening a seam where he has hidden the cross Mokichi gave him. He examines one of the monk's garments, a kind of underwear with a thick band at the waist. He HIDES the cross under the band.

CUT TO

93 EXT. BEACH/OUTSIDE NAGASAKI DAY 93

RODRIGUES is helped from his horse by two Guards. All around on the sand are lanterns left over from the previous evening's Urabon celebration.

Standing stiffly, HE SEES: a GROVE OF PINES near the water. There are FIVE SAMURAI squatting by baskets and eating. A WHITE CURTAIN has been set up, strung between two of the tallest trees. Several stools are placed in front of it.

SAMURAI
Sit down. Go ahead. Better for you than a saddle, I think.

Rodrigues sits. In the distance, he can just make out the OUTLINE OF PEOPLE coming haltingly toward the pine grove.

INTERPRETER
Father, how are you feeling today? It's good to be out, isn't it, even from our newest prison?

RODRIGUES
When will Inoue be here?

INTERPRETER
Oh he's not coming today. Do you miss him?

RODRIGUES
He treats me kindly. Three meals a day. Extra bedding. All so my body will betray my heart. That is your plan, isn't it? That's what you're waiting for?

INTERPRETER
Not at all. But we are waiting for someone today, that's true. The Magistrate wants you to meet him. He'll be here any moment. He's Portuguese, like yourself. You should have a lot to talk about.

RODRIGUES
Ferreira...

The Interpreter smiles. The distant group of figures has come much closer. Rodrigues can just make them out: TWO SAMURAI. And THREE OTHERS. They are the three Christian prisoners. Monica is in the lead. And, STRAGGLING BEHIND...

...IS GARRPE. Haggard, wearing peasant clothing. Rodrigues struggles to contain himself.

INTERPRETER
Is it who you expected?

RODRIGUES
I want to talk to him.

INTERPRETER
No hurry. It's early yet. Plenty of time.
(fans himself)
So tell me, Father, this mercy Christians always talk about...what is it?

The procession of prisoners and their guards HALTS. OFFICIALS UNLOAD piles of straw mats from the pack animals.

RODRIGUES
(agitated)
Tell me where Garrpe was captured.

INTERPRETER
Oh I can't. I'm not allowed to reveal the business of the Magistrate's office. But I will tell you...
(leans closer)
He knows you're alive. Because we told him you apostasized.

The Interpreter observes Rodrigues' shock with satisfaction.

INTERPRETER
Now...do you know what they use those mats for?

Officials WRAP the straw mats around the bodies of the three prisoners..but NOT GARRPE. One of the officials is talking seriously to him.

INTERPRETER
What could he be saying? Maybe this..."If you are a priest possessed of true Christian mercy, you must have pity for them. You cannot stand by while they die with your eyes on heaven."

Rodrigues is torn between desperation and fury as the Interpreter continues...

INTERPRETER (cont'd)
The Magistrate Inoue promises that if Father Garrpe apostasizes the three will be spared. They already denied the faith in his office the other day anyway. They found it was not so hard to trample after all.

RODRIGUES
They trampled? Then why are you still doing this? They trampled and...

INTERPRETER
(interrupting)
Oh we don't want these three.
(MORE)

INTERPRETER (cont'd)
Remember, there are hundreds of peasants still holding on to Christianity in the islands off the coast. We want the Father to deny and be an encouraging example to them, that's all. Then all this will be over.

RODRIGUES
(praying)
Vitam praesta puram, iter para tutum...

INTERPRETER
Well, I hope Father Garrpe's answer won't be in Latin. I wonder what he'll say. Oh look...

On the beach, the prisoners have been tied securely in the straw mats and are being PRODDED WITH LANCES to board a boat that waits in the shallow water.

INTERPRETER
Since you say mercy is the most important thing in Christianity, I hope Father Garrpe agrees.

Garrpe RUNS to the water's edge and SHOUTS something. An official in the boat shouts back to him.

RODRIGUES (V.O.)
(praying; agonized)
Oh God, please. Please. Let him deny...deny...for their sake...

On the beach, Garrpe TURNS AND SHOUTS toward the pine grove.

GARRPE
Stop this! Help them!

Rodrigues tenses at the sound of his voice.

RODRIGUES (V.O.)
Dear Lord, don't leave this to us. This responsibility You must bear.

One of the guards on the boat STICKS a prisoner with his lance, sending him into the water. The sea SOAKS the straw quickly. The man is PULLED DOWN under the waves, drowned.

GARRPE
Lord hear our prayer! Lord hear our prayer!

And Garrpe PLUNGES into the surf toward the boat.

Guards PUSH another prisoner off the boat. The prisoner SINKS like a stone. Garrpe SWIMS like a man possessed of holy fury.

The guards PROD Monica over the side. She hits the water and Garrpe GRABS HER. He starts to splutter a prayer, but the weight of the straw DRAGS them both down. He will not let go.

The boat turns, deliberately BEARING DOWN as Garrpe and Monica STRUGGLE to the surface...and are SMASHED by the bow of the boat. Their bodies SINK.

On shore, Rodrigues keeps staring at the water. He has risen to his feet. Tears stream down his cheeks.

The Interpreter STANDS suddenly, disgusted and angry.

INTERPRETER
This is a terrible business. Terrible! No matter how many times you see it. Think about the suffering you have inflicted on these people just because of your selfish dream of a Christian Japan. Innocent blood is flowing again. At least Garrpe was clean. But you. You have no will at all. You don't deserve to be called a priest.

Rodrigues stares at the relentless sea.

CUT TO

94 INT. RODRIGUES CELL 94

The Interpreter, looking through the window of the cell door, SEES: Rodrigues, in the corner of the cell, half in shadow.

INTERPRETER
How is he today?

GUARD
Same as yesterday. Same as last week. No change.

INTERPRETER
Let me know.

CU: on the back of Rodrigues' head as he stares at the wall.

CUT TO:

95 EXT./INT. TIME MONTAGE NAGASAKI BUILDINGS & RODRIGUES' CELL

OFFICIALS IN WHITE ROBES present Magistrate Inoue with chests of early-ripened rice. It is a formal ceremony on a day of celebration.

CUT TO: Rodrigues' cell, isolated in darkness--it occupies only a small portion of the wide frame, matted. It looks like a small compartment in infinity. Rodrigues, sitting on the floor of the cell, looks tiny.

CUT TO: Rodrigues, face in profile, as SOUNDS OF CELEBRATION drift in from outside,

CUT TO: It is August 13th, the last day of Urabon. Another day of celebration. In the magistrate's office, Officials offer Inoue fish and cakes. Inoue, in return, gives the officials soup, dumplings and sake.

CUT TO: the BACK of Rodrigues' head as he MUTTERS...

RODRIGUES
His sweat became like drops of blood, *Eloi, Elio, lama sabacthani*...why have you forsaken me. Your Son's prayer on the cross.

CUT TO: THE FACE OF CHRIST in the Borgo.

RODRIGUES
A cry of fear and despair. You were silent. Even to Him.

CUT TO: Rodrigues, FULL FACE NOW.

RODRIGUES
Why? Why have you forsaken us?
(whispering aloud)
Stupid. Ludicrous.

CUT TO: JUAN'S BODY BEING DRAGGED by one leg through the prison courtyard, leaving a trail of blood in the dust.

RODRIGUES
(whispering)
Ludicrous...you're so ludicrous

CUT TO: GARRPE, DROWNING, calling out to heaven.

GARRPE
Lord, hear our prayer.

RODRIGUES
He's not going to answer. He's not.

Rodrigues BREAKS DOWN and laughs.

At the door of his cell, watching, is the Interpreter.

GUARD
Do you want me to let you in?

INTERPRETER
In time.

In the cell, Rodrigues' laughter dies as it echoes in his ears. He can't understand what's happening to him, to the one thing on which he relied all his life...his faith.

CUT TO:

96 INT. RODRIGUES CELL MONTHS LATER 96

Rodrigues' hair and beard are longer. The door BURSTS open, and the Interpreter peers in at him.

INTERPRETER
Father, we're going.

CUT TO:

97 INT./EXT. PALANQUIN DAY 97

Rodrigues is being conveyed in a curtained palanquin. The Interpreter rides along outside.

INTERPRETER (O.S.)
Today you'll meet someone different.

The Interpreter PARTS THE CURTAINS.

INTERPRETER
Not the officials. Not the Magistrate Inoue, who continues to be concerned for your well being. Someone else. Someone the Magistrate thought might help you. Someone I think you'll want to meet.

The Interpreter CLOSES the curtains again. Rodrigues HEARS children playing nearby; bells being rung by the bonzes; more SOUNDS of sawing and hammering.

CUT TO:

98 EXT. NAGASKAI ROAD DAY 98

The palanquin, with a small escort of guards, moves through the new city toward a new temple in the near distance.

CUT TO:

99 EXT. PALANQUIN AND TEMPLE COURTYARD 99

As the PALANQUIN ENTERS THE FRAME. It stops and the Interpreter's HAND comes in and OPENS the curtains.

INTERPRETER
Come along, Father.

Rodrigues is helped from the palanquin. A bonze walks past and gives him a hostile look.

INTERPRETER
Our bonzes may not be welcoming, but you'll still find much of value here.

CUT TO:

100 EXT. TEMPLE SITTING AREA OVERLOOKING A GARDEN 100

The Interpreter and Rodrigues are seated comfortably. Rodrigues is wary and slightly disoriented.

INTERPRETER
What is it Father? The incense? The smell of meat? Perhaps there will be some for you to share.

Rodrigues HEARS the SOUND OF DISTANT FOOTSTEPS. The Interpreter watches him closely.

INTERPRETER
Have you had any meat since you came to Japan? I don't much like the smell myself...

He watches the priest, amused. He knows what's coming...or, more precisely, who.

INTERPRETER
Have you guessed yet?

Rodrigues doesn't seem to hear him.

INTERPRETER
Have you guessed who's coming?
(Rodrigues' face stiffens)
This is Inoue's order. And the other's wish...

RODRIGUES
The other?

Rodrigues looks down the long corridor off the garden, SEES: an old monk. And behind him, a tall man in a black kimono. His eyes are down...

...until he sits in the dimming afternoon sunlight. Then he looks up. His expression is enigmatic. But his eyes are deep and dark, like coals that once glowed bright but now are burnt out.

Ferreira.

RODRIGUES
(after a silence)
Father...I'd given up...Father Ferreira...

The Old Monk is on Ferreira's right, the Interpreter between them.

FERREIRA
How long has it been, Father?

RODRIGUES
What?

FERREIRA
That you've been here.

RODRIGUES
In prison? I don't...

FERREIRA
(interrupting quietly)
In Japan.

RODRIGUES
I used to know.

FERREIRA
A year at least.

RODRIGUES
I've lost track.

FERREIRA
Probably more than a year. A little more.

RODRIGUES
And you?

FERREIRA
Twenty. Twenty years.

RODRIGUES
Where are we?

FERREIRA
Where I study. A temple called Saishoji. I don't think you've ever been inside a Japanese temple, have you?

RODRIGUES
There was never a reason to.

FERREIRA
Oh.

Rodriques looks steadily at the older priest.

RODRIGUES
(quietly)
You were my teacher. You were my confessor...

FERREIRA
I am much the same. I still write.

INTERPRETER
About astronomy.

FERREIRA
At the Magistrate Inoue's order. There is great knowledge here, but in medicine and astronomy much remains to be taught. I'm happy to help. I'd like to show you the lenses and telescope the Dutch trader Jonassen just brought us. They're very beautiful.

Rodrigues stares at him incredulously.

FERREIRA (cont'd)
It's fulfilling to finally be of use in this country.

Rodrigues notices that Ferreira is SPEAKING so that the Interpreter and the Old Monk CAN HEAR.

RODRIGUES
Then you are happy, Father?

FERREIRA
I said so.

The Old Monk looks IRRITABLE AND IMPATIENT at the course of this conversation. The Interpreter intervenes.

INTERPRETER
(interrupting)
Mention the other book you're writing.

Rodrigues notices that Ferreira HESITATES.

INTERPRETER (cont'd)
It is called *Gengiroku*. It shows the errors of Christianity and refutes the teachings of Deus. Do you understand the title?

Rodrigues searches Ferreira's face for some sense of shame...even embarrassment. Ferreira lowers his eyes.

INTERPRETER
Tell him.

FERREIRA
(quietly)
It means *Deus Destroyed*. The magistrate has read the manuscript. He praises it. He says it is well done.

Rodrigues is stunned. He SHAKES HIS HEAD in denial.

INTERPRETER
It's the truth.

RODRIGUES
You use the truth like poison.

INTERPRETER
What a funny thing for a priest to say.

Rodrigues LOOKS AGAIN at Ferreira, who CAN'T MEET HIS EYES.

RODRIGUES
It's cruel, worse than any torture. To twist a man's soul this way.

Ferreira TURNS HIS FACE AWAY from Rodrigues...but Rodrigues thinks he glimpsed the trace of a tear in Ferreira's eye. Perhaps this man he revered above all others has not changed so thoroughly after all. The Old Monk continues to look on everyone like a stone Buddha

INTERPRETER
I think you must be speaking of yourself, Father. Not of Sawano Chuan.

RODRIGUES
Who?

INTERPRETER
Him. He is Ferreira only to you. He is Sawano Chuan now. A man who has found peace. Let him guide you along his path. The path of mercy. That means only that you abandon self. No one should interfere with another man's spirit. To help others is the way of the Buddha and your way too. The two religions are the same in this. It's not necessary to win anyone over to one side or another when there is so much to share.
(to Ferreira)
Go on.

FERREIRA
I've been told to get you to apostasize.

He turns his head so Rodrigues can SEE a scar behind his ear.

FERREIRA
This is from the pit. You are tied so you can't move then hung upside down and the incision is made. You feel the blood running down your cheek drop by drop. So it doesn't run to your head and you won't die too soon.

INTERPRETER
It was Magistrate Inoue's idea. I understand it's been taken up all over the country. You're the last priest left here now, Father. I'm sure the Magistrate would be pleased to abandon the pit. He is only a practical man, Father, not a cruel one.

Ferreira leans in. He still speaks quietly, but his tone is becoming increasingly emphatic.

FERREIRA
I labored in this mission for twenty years. I know it better than you. Our religion does not take root in this country.

RODRIGUES
Because the roots have been torn up!

FERREIRA
No!

Ferreira's tone has changed. He speaks now with resolution, almost with vehemence. There is no trace of the tear Rodrigues thought he saw only moments before. The light has returned to his eyes.

FERREIRA (cont'd)
Because this country is a swamp. Nothing grows here. Plant a sapling here and the roots rot.

RODRIGUES
There was a time when Christianity grew. And flourished.

FERREIRA
When?

RODRIGUES
In your time, Father. Before you became like...

FERREIRA
Like who? Like them? Father, please listen. The Japanese only believe in their *distortion* of our gospel. So they did not believe at all. They never believed.

RODRIGUES
How can you say this? From the time of Francis Xavier, through your own time, there were hundreds of thousands of converts here.

FERREIRA
Converts? Remember your Japanese, Father? Our word "Deus" became their word "Dainichi" because that is the way they *heard* our Latin. And shall I show you their Dainichi. Look, before he retires for the night.

He POINTS to the sky...to the setting sun.

FERREIRA
(softly)
Behold...there is the sun of God. God's only begotten sun. The Japanese cannot think of an existence beyond the realm of nature. For them, nothing transcends the human. They can't conceive of our idea of the Christian God, so they distorted it completely. They never believed in the God we brought them.

RODRIGUES
I saw men die for that God! They were on fire with their faith!

FERREIRA
Faith in the wrong God! Their God, not ours! And where does our church...your church...consign believers in the wrong God? Your martyrs may have been on fire, Father, but it was not with faith.

RODRIGUES
No! I saw them die! Those people did not die for nothing!

FERREIRA
Indeed not. They're dying for you.

RODRIGUES
And how many did you save when you trampled on the image of the Saviour? How many beside yourself?

FERREIRA
I don't know. Certainly not as many as you may help.

In the background, there is the SOUND of a wooden drum and the bonzes chanting sutras.

RODRIGUES
You're only trying to justify your own weakness. God pity you.

FERREIRA
Which god? Which one?. We say...
"One who follows..."
(stops)
I'm sorry. You haven't learned the language thoroughly, have you. There's a proverb here. "One who follows his nature, finds his original nature in the end." We find our original nature in Japan. Perhaps it's what's meant by finding God.

RODRIGUES
You are a disgrace, Father. I can't even call you that any more.

FERREIRA
Good. I have a Japanese name now. And wife. And children. I inherited them all from an executed man. It is the way here, and I'm content with it.

He gets up and WALKS INTO THE LENGTHENING SHADOWS of early evening. The Old Monk follows him. Rodrigues watches him go with a growing sense of helplessness. If Ferreira apostasized, what hope can there be for him?

The Interpreter STARES at him with such fixity that he seems to be reading his mind.

CUT TO:

101 INT. TEMPLE HALL TWILIGHT 101

As Rodrigues and the Interpreter walk back toward the waiting palanquin. The Interpreter gives Rodrigues time to weigh the experience of seeing and hearing Ferreira.

INTERPRETER
Well? He has shown you the path of mercy. I hope you take it. Just a single step will set you on your way.

RODRIGUES
Why don't you just hang me in the pit?

INTERPRETER
Magistrate Inoue feels it's better to have you accept our teaching...our country...our life...on your own. It's better if you see reason for yourself.

RODRIGUES
Well, it can't be helped then.

CUT TO:

102 INT. NAGASAKI PRISON CELL 102

The door OPENS, revealing Rodrigues huddled on the floor. Morning light shines in from the outside, illuminating the figure of a LARGE MAN, naked to the waist. The sight of him fills Rodrigues with a sharp sense of dread.

The LARGE MAN deftly TIES Rodrigues' hands behind his back. The knots cut.

LARGE MAN
You're an animal. You stink like animal flesh.

He YANKS the priest to his feet.

CUT TO:

103 OLD MARKET PLACE NAGASAKI DAY 103

Rodrigues is seated with hands tied in the saddle of a spindly horse. He is in the midst of a small procession moving through a crowd. Once the people in the crowd were curious. Contemptuous. Now they are openly hostile. They PRESS FORWARD. Guards have to HOLD THEM BACK.

INTERPRETER
So, Father, you see how they respect you.
(MORE)

INTERPRETER (cont'd)
You came here for them, and they all hate you. You're useless, completely useless.

RODRIGUES
There are some here who may be praying in the silence of their hearts.

At that moment a clod of mud STRIKES Rodrigues on the back.

INTERPRETER
And there is the answer to their prayers. There may be people in this crowd who were Christians once. But are there any now?

RODRIGUES
Christian martyrs died for these people. Ferreira never mentioned *them*. He's weak, and he's trying to make me weak.

INTERPRETER
He's done well, don't you think?

RODRIGUES
We'll see.

INTERPRETER
Are you really looking forward to it, Father? I hear doubt between every word of defiance.

RODRIGUES
Insult me all you want. You'll only give me more courage.

INTERPRETER
You'll need it. Tonight. You'll apostasize tonight. You're a good man, Father, and you can't stand suffering. Your own. Or others.

CUT TO:

104 INT. ANOTHER CELL NIGHT 104

And two words: LAUDATE EUM. Rodrigues' fingers moves across the Latin words cut directly into the wall of this new cell, a place so hellishly filthy it makes his previous cells seem like fine inns.

His hands stay on the crude letters. They are shaking. A tear rolls down his cheek. He is terrified. Of what he is sure awaits him. And of how he may act when the inevitable finally comes to him. He prays for strength--and out of despair.

RODRIGUES
God help me, Jesus help me, I hear no voice but Ferreira. He knows what I fear. In Gethsemane, You said "My soul is sorrowful even unto death," and the drops of sweat on Your brow were like blood. I would bleed for You. I would die for You, if I knew You. Are You here?

There are SOUNDS from the nearby cells.

RODRIGUES
You were the joy of my life. Now I am afraid of You. What can I do to have You love me again?

The sounds from nearby cells continue. They unsettle Rodrigues even more, although they are strange, hard to identify: sometimes they sound like groans, other times like snores and, still at other times, like animal sounds.

He covers his ears...but now, along with the other sounds, is the NOISE of a SCUFFLE in the hall. And SHOUTING. This is a voice he knows, and does not want to hear. Kichijiro.

OUTSIDE THE CELL: Guards are pushing Kichijiro away.

KICHIJIRO
I'm a Christian! I'm a Christian!

GUARD
You are one of us! Get out of here!

KICHIJIRO
Hit me! I don't care!

GUARD
Get out of here I said!

KICHIJIRO
(in English now)
Father! Forgive me! I came to make confession!

The Guards advance on Kichijiro.

INSIDE THE CELL: Rodrigues can plainly hear Kichijiro being beaten and pulled away as he cries out...

KICHIJIRO (O.S.)
Forgive me! Forgive me, Father!

Slowly...even reluctantly...Rodrigues pulls his hands away from his ears. He silently utters the words of absolution.

The strange NOISES grow even louder, more emphatic.

Rodrigues is near breaking. He starts to BEAT ON THE WALL with the flat of his hand.

RODRIGUES
Stop it! Stop that noise! Help him!

The Interpreter comes to the door of the cell.

RODRIGUES (cont'd)
Wake him! He's having a nightmare! Give him a little peace.

INTERPRETER
Nightmare? What do you think that noise is?

He turns to Ferreira, who stands behind him half in shadow.

INTERPRETER
He must think it's snoring. Incredible. Sawano...tell him. Say what it is.

Ferreira steps into the cell almost like an apparition.

FERREIRA
It's not snoring. It's not what you think. It's moaning. It's Christians. Five of them. All hanging in the pit.

Rodrigues is stunned. The sounds seem to be even louder now, piercing his soul.

FERREIRA (cont'd)
Have you found the words on the wall? "Laudate Eum." "Praise him." I put them there with a crucifix. When I was in this cell, like you. Do you think you are the only one who doubted? The only one who called on God's help and love and got only silence in return?

RODRIGUES
Be quiet! You have no right to speak to me!

FERREIRA
I do because you are just like me. You see Jesus in Gethsemane and believe your trial is the same as His. Those five in the pit are suffering too, just like Jesus, but they don't have your pride. They would never compare themselves to Jesus. Do you have the right to make them suffer? I heard the cries of suffering in this same cell. And I acted.

RODRIGUES
Don't try to excuse yourself! That was weakness!

FERREIRA
What would you do for them? Pray? And get what in return? Only more suffering. A suffering only you can end. Not God.

RODRIGUES
Go away from me!

FERREIRA
I prayed too. It doesn't help. Go on. Pray.

Two Guards enter the cell and yank Rodrigues to his feet.

FERREIRA (cont'd)
But pray with your eyes open.

Rodrigues is handled roughly, and CRIES OUT in pain. His cry is MIXED WITH the sounds from outside, which are...

CUT TO:

105 EXT. COURTYARD JUST BEFORE DAWN 105

...the AGONIES of FIVE CHRISTIANS strung up, upside down, over a gaping pit of offal and filth. Blood drips slowly from behind their ears. They moan in pain and desperation.

The Interpreter and Ferreira stand on either side of the stunned Rodrigues. He has never been so close to their suffering, and the sight of it is like a mortal wound.

FERREIRA
You can spare them. They call out for help, just as you call to God.
(MORE)

FERREIRA (cont'd)
He is silent. But you do not have to be.

RODRIGUES
God help me, they should apostasize...
(yelling at them)
Apostasize!

FERREIRA
But they have apostasized. Many times over. They are here for you, Rodrigues. As long as you don't apostasize they cannot be saved.

RODRIGUES
(desperate)
They are suffering now but they will receive their reward in heaven.

FERREIRA
Don't make a mockery of those beautiful words. You're only trying to hide your fear. Do you really believe what you said?

RODRIGUES
I believe!

FERREIRA
You believe in yourself! You set yourself above them. It's your salvation that obsesses you, not theirs. You dread to be the dregs of the church, like me. Is that your way of love? A priest should act in imitation of Christ. If Christ were here...

He quiets for a moment, calming himself. The MOANS from the pit continue. Ferreira resumes in a strong, rational voice.

FERREIRA (cont'd)
If Christ were here He would have apostasized for them. Christ would certainly have apostasized to help men.

RODRIGUES
(covering his face with his hands)
No, no....

FERREIRA
Can you love? Can you love as God commands?

Rodrigues cannot answer.

FERREIRA
Show God you love Him. Save the lives of the people He loves.

The Interpreter steps forward CARRYING THE FUMIE, which he places on the ground before Rodrigues.

FERREIRA
There is something more important than the judgement of the church....you will never do anything more important than this...

Ferreira puts his arms around Rodrigues.

FERREIRA
You are now going to perform the most painful act of love that has ever been performed.

Rodrigues stands over the fumie. The image of Christ stares up at him.

FERREIRA
Courage.

Rodrigues has his foot over the fumie.

INTERPRETER
(gently)
It's only a formality. Just a single step and it's over. It changes nothing inside you. Just a formality.

FERREIRA
Go on, Father. Step and praise God.

The fumie is sticky with dirt and blood, the image of Christ grimy with the marks of many feet. But the picture is familiar. Rodrigues looks upon it.

CUT TO: the beloved form of THE IMAGE OF CHRIST IN THE BORGO.

CUT TO: Rodrigues' face, CHANGING. Is this a sign? The sign he has been waiting for?

He HEARS JESUS, speaking to him--at last--with gentle understanding, in A VOICE THAT IS ODDLY SIMILAR TO KICHIJIRO'S.

VOICE OF JESUS (V.O.)
Raise your foot. I was born into this world to share men's pain. I carried this cross for that pain. Trample.

RODRIGUES
(in a whisper)
Oh Jesus....

And his foot touches the fumie...the beautiful face he loved from the Borgo...the face he loved most in the world.

His foot seems to sink through the picture, into the ground, pulling Rodrigues down, absorbing him, subsuming him....

...past his ankle...past his leg...until he is on his knees, on top of the picture of Christ. On the unyielding ground.

He is sobbing. The ground is solid.

Ferreira, the Interpreter and the guards all watch silently.

At the window of the magistrate's office across the courtyard, Inoue TURNS AWAY, satisfied.

After a moment, the Interpreter SIGNALS and the Guards start to remove the Five Christians from the pit.

Only the CROWING of a rooster at the approaching dawn breaks the silence.

FADE TO

106 EXT. STREET AND HOUSE/NAGASAKI DUSK 106

ONE YEAR LATER. It is the festival of URABON again. And, once again, children dash through the streets, swinging LANTERNS in the slowly falling darkness, singing the holiday song.

From the window of a small house, Rodrigues watches them play. He is DRESSED IN A KIMONO. His hair is pulled back and tied. Some of the children shout to him, something we can't hear. He smiles. The smile is sad. But all the tension has gone from his face. The pain has vanished.

FERREIRA (O.S.)
Christian. Not Christian.

RODRIGUES (O.S.)
Christian, obviously.

CUT TO

107 INT. MAGISTRATE'S OFFICE/NAGASAKI 107

Rodrigues stands at the end of a long table opposite Ferreira. They sift through an assortment of European objects: watches; writing implements; eating utensils; pictures in frames; books.

FERREIRA
Not Christian.

Rodrigues takes the framed picture from Ferreira and PEELS AWAY the fine ink drawing to reveal an ICONIC IMAGE of the Virgin and child. Rodrigues hands him back the picture without further comment.

CAPTAIN JONASSEN (V.O.)
"Anno Domini sixteen hundred and seventy-four. To the Fathers at the Jesuit Mission in Macao. It is my hope what little I know of the history of the apostate priests will help you in your understanding and bring peace to their memory. I had known Sawano Chuan--the one you call Ferreira--for some time. He particularly admired a telescope I brought shortly before the other priest joined him."

The priests continue to sift through the objects on the table. They look up from their work when they finish and avoid each other's eyes.

CAPTAIN JONASSEN (V.O.)
"The Magistrate Inoue would raid homes and seize objects of possible Christian significance. The two priests were required to examine these things and verify their use."

CUT TO

108 INT. CAPTAIN'S CABIN/DUTCH TRADING VESSEL 108

Ferreira and Rodrigues examine and sort through objects that have been brought to them by the Dutch crew. Captain Jonassen, a large, raw-boned Dutchman watches them work.

CAPTAIN JONASSEN (V.O.)
"They were also taken aboard ships to warrant we were not smuggling religious objects. Despite harsh restrictions on trade from outside Japan, there was still much to keep the priests busy, and they performed their duties with dedication."

CUT TO

109 INT. BELOW DECKS/DUTCH TRADING VESSEL 109

Ferreira nods a brief, silent farewell to Rodrigues. It is only a formality. There is enmity between them. With a guard behind him, Ferreira strides down the narrow corridor and starts up a ladder to the deck.

CAPTAIN JONASEN (V.O.)
"When Sawano Chuan died, the other priest assumed his duties and performed them with distinction."

At the top of the ladder, Ferreira seems to be swallowed in the bright daylight...an earthbound ascent into heaven.

CAPTAIN JONASSEN (V.O.)
"By this time, I observed he had acquired considerable skill with the language, and seemed, I must tell you, to be at peace with his situation."

CUT TO:

110 INT. MAGISTRATE'S OFFICE 110

Rodrigues stands before Inoue, who treats him with scrupulous politeness.

INOUE
I have good news. A man of some position has died in Edo. Okada San'emon. You will take his name just as it is.

RODRIGUES
Thank you.

INOUE
He had a considerable household. And a wife. It would not be good for your excellent work to be always alone, so you can take her as your wife.

RODRIGUES
Of course.

INOUE
(beat)
You know, Okada...does that sound strange to you?

RODRIGUES
Not as much as I thought.

INOUE
(faint smile)
On Ikitsuki and Goto there are still many farmers who think themselves Christians. But we will allow them. Does that please you?
(Rodrigues bows his head)
The roots are cut.

RODRIGUES
Nothing grows in a swamp.

INOUE
(nods; beat)
Japan is that kind of country. It can't be helped. The Christianity you brought us has changed form and become a strange thing. You were not defeated by me. You were defeated by this swamp of Japan.

RODRIGUES
If I may say, Magistrate, I'm not sure I completely agree. My struggle was with the Christianity in my own heart.

CUT TO:

111 INT. RODRIGUES' HOUSE/ EDO 111

Rodrigues, ten years older, sits cross-legged on the floor, working at a writing table.

CAPTAIN JONASSEN (V.O.)
"Okada San'emon lived in Edo for the remaining years of his life. It is known he worked with diligence on a book condemning Christianity. He attended to it with such concentration that it was never finished, and no one has ever seen it."

CUT TO

112 INT. RODRIGUES' HOUSE/EDO DUSK 112

Rodrigues accepts a cup of tea with a nod of thanks to...Kichijiro, who waits while Rodrigues sips the tea.

KICHIJIRO
The magistrate has sent a guard for you. Is there trouble?

RODRIGUES
They've only come to collect the new chapters of the book. Thank you.

KICHIJIRO
You have nothing to thank me for.

RODRIGUES
For worrying about me.

KICHIJIRO
(carefully)
Father...

RODRIGUES
No no. Not any more. I'm a fallen priest.

KICHIJIRO
But you're the last priest left. You could still hear my confession.

RODRIGUES
No. I can't.

KICHIJIRO
I still suffer for what I did, Father. I betrayed you, I betrayed my family. I betrayed our Lord. Please....hear my confession...

As Rodrigues WATCHES him with sympathy, WE HEAR...

RODRIGUES (V.O.)
Lord, I fought against Your silence.

CUT TO: Kichijiro, BOWING his head.

CUT TO: Rodrigues, LOOKING at him.

CUT TO: Kichijiro, head still bowed as Rodrigues believes HE HEARS HIM SAY...

VOICE OF JESUS (V.O.)
I suffered beside you. I was never silent.

Kichijiro's lips have not moved. His head remains bowed.

Cut back to: Rodrigues, REACHING OUT his hand and resting it gently on top of Kichijiro's head. When he speaks it is to answer the voice he is sure he has heard.

RODRIGUES
I know. But even if God had been silent, my life...to this very day...everything I do...everything I've done...speaks of Him.

And he begins the words of the sacrament as WE HEAR...

CAPTAIN JONASSEN (V.O.)
"The Magistrate continued to insist on periodic examinations of all suspected Christians."

CUT TO

113 EXT. COURTYARD/RODRIGUES' HOUSE/ EDO DAY 113

Rodrigues, his adopted wife and household, as well as Kichijiro, are lined up before officials and guards. A fumie lies before them on the ground. One by one, the members of the household step forward and trample upon it.

CAPTAIN JONASSEN (V.O.)
"It was the duty of Okada San'emon to officiate."

Guards RIP an amulet from around Kichijiro's neck as other members of the house look on in mute terror.

CAPTAIN JONASSEN (V.O.)
"In the year sixteen hundred and sixty-seven a religious image was discovered inside an amulet belonging to a servant called Kichijiro."

CLOSE ON: the amulet, as a guard opens it. Inside is a picture of Saint Paul and, on its reverse side, the image of Xavier and an angel.

CAPTAIN JONASSEN
"The servant said he had won it gambling, had never looked inside, and could never have gotten the amulet from Okada San'emon since he was always under guard. The servant Kichijiro was never seen again."

As the guards take Kichijiro away, Rodrigues' lips move silently. No one but Kichijiro notices.

CAPTAIN JONASSEN (V.O.)
"After that, Okada San'emon himself was carefully watched. But I am sorry to have to relate to you, Fathers, that he never acknowledged the Christian God. Not by word or symbol. He never spoke of Him and never prayed. Not even when he died."

CUT TO

114 INT. BEDCHAMBER/RODRIGUES' HOUSE/EDO 114

Rodrigues is dead. His wife prepares his body for burial, watched by guards.

CAPTAIN JONASSEN (V.O.)
"When his wife prepared the body, three guards stood watch over the coffin until it could be taken away. Just to be certain."

The wife folds Rodrigues' hands carefully across his chest, as if she is concerned something will fall from between them.

CUT TO

115 EXT. STREET/ EDO DAY 115

As Rodrigues' coffin is carried from the house.

CAMERA follows the coffin forward, coming close as we hear...

CAPTAIN JONASSEN (V.O.)
"The body was treated in the Buddhist manner."

...and we...

DISSOLVE TO

116 INT. BURIAL SITE 116

...CAMERA still moving with the coffin as it slides into the flames of a crematory fire....

...through the flames...through the wood of the coffin, CAMERA still moving...

...revealing Rodrigues' body, immaculately arranged, hands across his chest. CAMERA moves up toward his hands as the flames burn through the wood and start to consume the body.

CAPTAIN JONASSEN (V.O.)
"And he was given a posthumous Buddhist name. I believe you will have to accept, Fathers, that he was lost to God."

As the flames rise, CAMERA CLOSES on Rodrigues' hands...

CAPTAIN JONASSEN (V.O.)
"But as to that, only God can answer."

...revealing the hand-carved cross from Goto clutched between them.

The flames are fierce. We are very close to the cross and hands now. And the cross bursts into flame.

Its light fills the screen.

END